

THE  
RANING  
TVRKE,  
OR,  
BAIAZET  
THE SECOND.

A Tragedie vvritten by THOMAS  
GOFFE, Master of Arts, and Student of  
Christ-Church in *Oxford*, and Acted by the  
Students of the same house.

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*Monstra fato, scelera moribus imputes  
Det ille veniam facile cui venia est opus.*

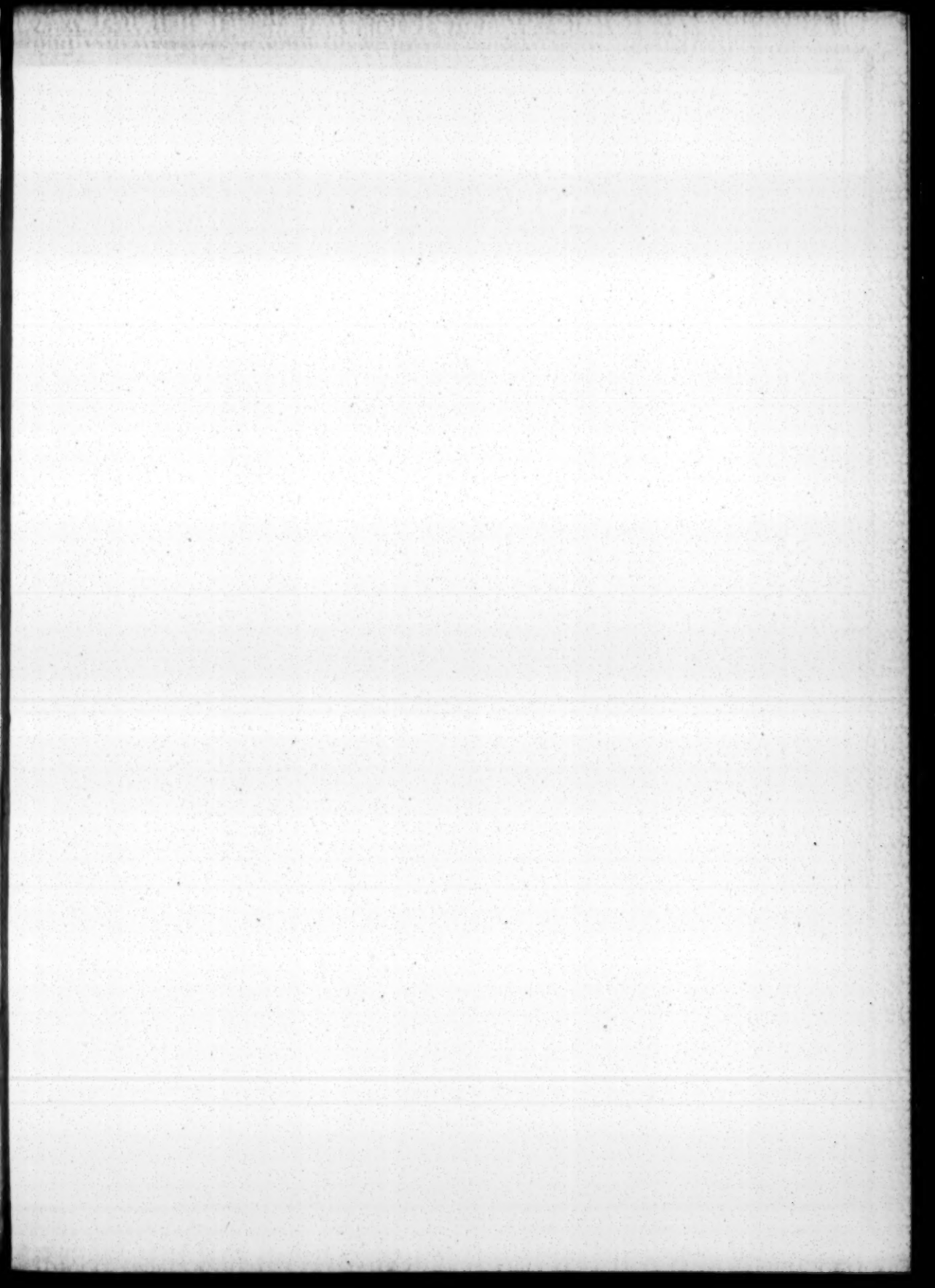
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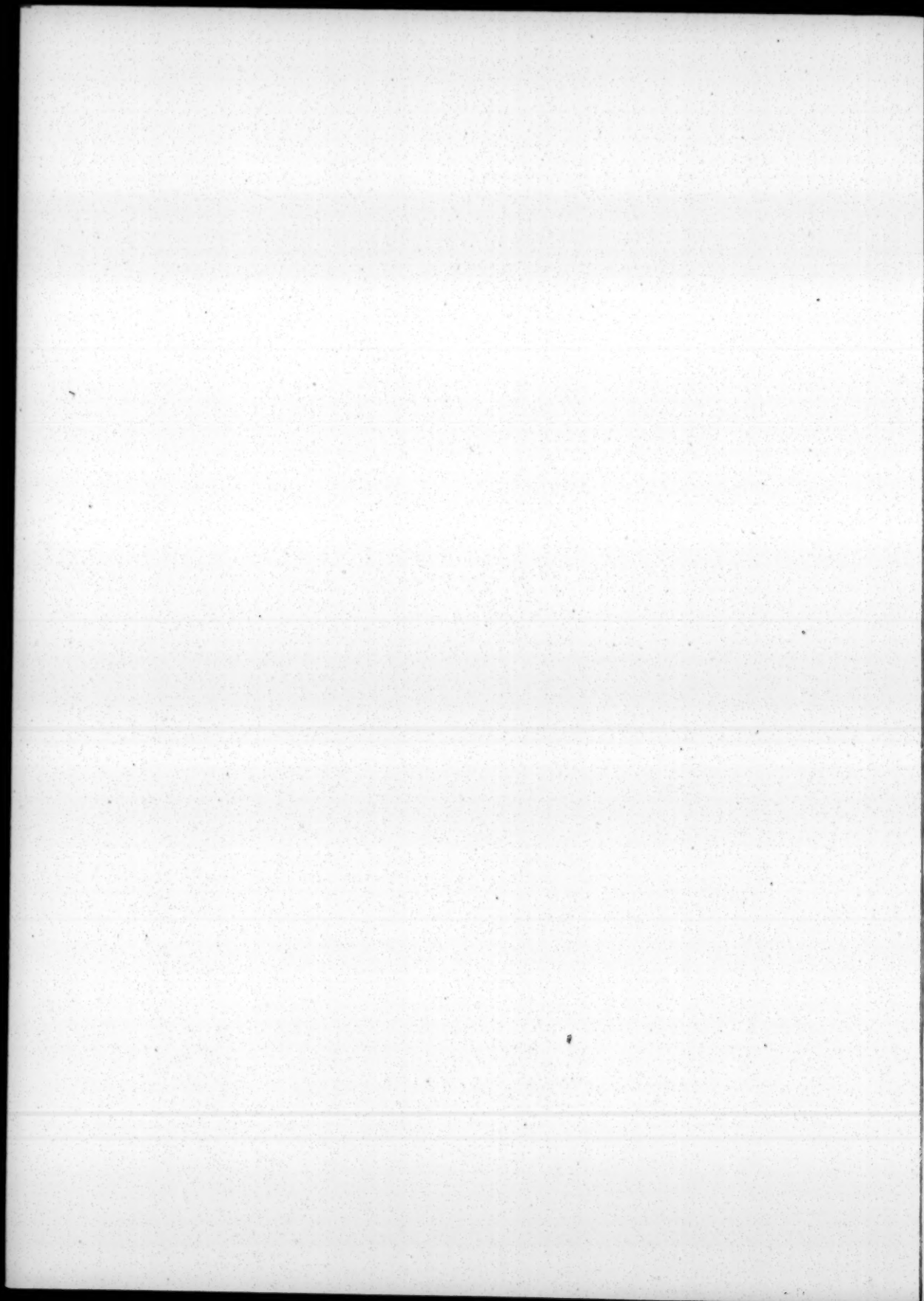


LONDON:  
Printed by AVGVST. MATHEVVES, for  
RICHARD MEIGHEN,  
1631.











Ashley 795



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TO THE NO LESSE  
INGENIOVS THEN ZEALOVVS

fauourer of ingenuity, Sir RICHARD  
TICHBOVRNE Knight, &c.

SIR:



*His Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of the same Authors, came lately to my hands; He that gaue them birth, because they were his Nugæ, or rather recreations to his more serious and diuine studies, out of a nice modesty (as I haue learnt) allowed them scarce private fostering. But I, by the consent of his especiall friend, in that they shew him rather Omnium scenarum homo to his glory then disparagement: haue published them, and doe tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wander a fatherlesse Orphan, which euery one in that respect will be apt to iniure with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe to receiue and shelter it, you will not onely preserue vnblemish'd the euer-liuing fame of the dead Author, but assure me that you kindly accept this humble acknowledgement of*

Your most obliged and  
ready reall Seruant,

RICH. MEIGHEN.





## The Names of the Actors.

Baiazet, *Emperour.*

Mahomates

Achomates

Corcutus

Selymus

Thrizham

Mahomet

Achmetes a *Generall, Cher-*

*teogles Viceroy of Greece.*

Ilaack

Mesithes

Mustapha

Solyman Selymus *sonne.*

Caiubus, Achmetes *sonne.*

Alexander *Bishop of Rome.*

Zemes, Baiazets *brother.*

Tartarian *King.*

Armenian *King.*

Asmehemedes, Mahomets  
*followers.*

Hamon Baiazets *Physitian,*  
*Jewish Monke.*

Herauld.

Dwarfe.

Nemesis.

Captaines.

Ambassadours.

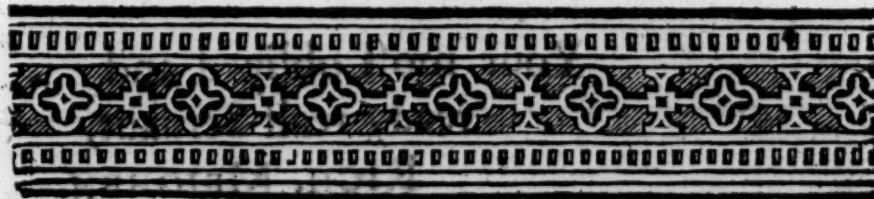
Ianizaries.

Souldiers.

Nuncius.

*his Sonnes.*

*Bassaes.*







THE RAGING TVRKE,  
Or the Tragedie of B A I A Z E T,  
the second of that name.

---

*Actus Primi, Scena Prima.*

*Enter, Bassaes Isaack With a Crowne in his hand, Mustapha With a Scepter, Mesithes With a Sword, they Crowne Corcutus youngest sonne to Baiazet.*

*Isaack,*

**L** Et the world feele thee, and those Demigods,  
Proud with the name of Kings, debase themselues  
To honour thee, this Crowne commands as much *He crowns him.*  
Wherewith I doe invest thy happy brow,  
Happy indeed if that succeeding times  
Shall set vp vertue, so to lessen crimes.  
Thus from the ashes of dead *Solyman*  
Is raised another Phoenix, great *Corcutus*;  
Liue equally adored, when Princes bend  
To better courses, all their subiects mend.

*Must.* Crowns make not Kings, nor can that glittering shew  
Perfect thine honour, take another signe *Gives him the Scepter.*  
Of thy Imperiall dignity, 'tis thine.  
That addes a God-like grace vnto thy brow,  
This binds due honour, that prostrates euery knee  
Before thy throne, then liue, and may that arme  
Secure thy subiects from all forraigne harme.

B

*Mesith.*

## *The raging Turke,*

*Mefib.* What seasoned knowledge, learnings prudent Queen  
Hath blest thee with, must now initiate thee  
In the pathes of warre, all studied Arts  
Are but degrees vnto some wished end,  
And steps of hope whereby we doe ascend  
Vnto the top ; and leuell of our thoughts.  
But Kings then proue most happy when they are  
Watchfull in peace, and prouident in warre.  
Those are their vtmost ends, which that they may  
O're-take, Art, and the sword, make fairest way.  
The Muses nourc'd thee vp, and thou didst draw  
The pleasant iuice of learning from their breasts,  
In thy first non-age ; here then we bestow  
The second helpe, to which good Princes owe  
Much of their welfare ; swords are the first ground  
Of peace, and warre ; they both defend and wound.  
Thus are we vow'd to thee, let thy dread fame  
Thunderamazement through the spacious world,  
That when thou lifts thine arme, thy foes may say *Shows 3.*  
Not *Ioue*, but great *Corcinius* rules the day.

*Corcut.* Which that applause hath crowned, and with it  
Will euer spight of traytors ioying sit  
As now we doe ; nor shall my watchfull care  
Be wanting to you, whilst this subtile ayre  
Feedes mine industrious spirits, I shall fill  
The good with ioy, by cutting of the ill  
Corrupted ragges of men ; *Ioue* let me stand  
An obiekt in thine eye, when thy swift hand  
Failes in the stroke of Iustice, vertue returne  
From thy sad exile, I will purge the walls  
From spotted vice, and make this Cittie free  
To entertaine so faire a Queene as shee.

Then (*Bassaes*) I embrace what you haue throwne  
Vpon me, and these signes of honour thus  
We re-bestow ; their power still staves with vs.  
Could this vast body of the Common-wealth  
Stand fast without a soule ? each man should see  
I am not greedy of this dignity :

*Gives them  
backe.*

*This*

or *Baiazet the second.*

This burdenous waight which some must vndergoe,  
The gods are busied with diuiner things,  
And put Earths care into the hands of Kings.

*Actus Primi, Scena Secunda.*

After some clamors of applause    Enter *Chersogles*, and *Ach-*  
*metes* at seuerall doores.

*Achmet.* And is *Baiazet* arriu'd ? *Chers.* So fame reports  
Yet how he doth digest *Corcutus* Raigne,  
That euerie Bird sings not ; but sure with paine.  
*A Turkish Baiazet*, and suffer wrong,  
May for a time conceale his grieve, not long.  
Eagles soare high, and scorne that shorter Plumes  
Should reach the cloudes, which their proud wings can touch,  
*Corcutus* must not raigne, to keepe his fathers right  
Due to his father, nor will he it he might,    Enter *Isaack*,  
Hee's learned, therefore iust, Arts not allow  
To were a Crowne due to anothers brow.

*Isa.* Dar'st thou oppose his greatnesse ? is not *Greece*  
Already wrackt enough ? haue thy prowd Towers  
Reard vp their lostie spires ? which steep'd in blood,  
Threw a reflex of red backe to the clouds,  
And blush't at their owne ruines, are thy crude wounds  
Already stopt, and is that day forgot,  
In which the *Turkish Mavors Ottoman*,  
Wielded a sword of death within thy Walles ?  
*Charon* grew weary with hurrying soules to hell,  
When threescore thousand Greekes in one day fell.

*Chers.* We know their force, and sad experience sayes,  
Moue not againe, *Greece* welters still in blood  
And euerie crackling thunder of the heauens  
Speakes the shrill eccho of the *Turkish* drummes,  
Then are we drawne by you, so let it bee,  
About these great affaires as you decree,



## The Raging Turke,.

*Achm.* This phrase becomes the Greekes, submissiue states  
Must bend, the Conqueror must rule the fates.

*Chers.* And such are you, our vanquisht hearts must bend,  
But bad beginnings haue a fatall end.  
Me thinks I see great *Baiazet* in armes,  
Spreading his fearefull Ensignes in the ayre,  
Like some prodigious Comet, wee may feare  
Speedy revenge valesse some quicke aduise  
Worke a prevention of his future hate,  
Tis he must sway the Scepter, or wee shall heare  
A dreadfull defiance ratled in our eare,  
Hees strong in friends, and power, vve must descend,  
To our iust dutie, or our latest end.

*Achm.* Renowned Vice-roy, thy perswading thoughts  
Haue predeuin'd most truely these effects,  
And we applaud thy Counsell, let vs three  
Ioyne our best strength, that these ensuing jarres  
May be compos'd without the stroke of Warres:  
*Corcute* is wise, and milde, and being so,  
He hates the rumour of a publike foe.

*Chers.* Nobly resolu'd (Greece sings) if the event,  
Proue but so happy, as honest the intent.  
But stand aside, *Baiazet* is come.

*Enter Baiazet.*

*Baia.* Am I not Emperor? hee that breaths a no,  
Damnes in that negative fillable his soule,  
Durst any god gain-say it, he should feele  
The strength of fiercest Gyants in mine armes,  
Mine angers at the highest, and I could shake  
The firme foundation of the earthly Globe:  
Could I but graspe the Poles in these two handes,  
I'de plucke the world asunder; droppe thou bright Sunne,  
From thy transparant Spheare, thy course is done,  
Great *Baiazet* is wrong'd, nor shall thine eye  
Be witnesse to my hatefull misery.  
Madnesse and anger makes my tongue betray,  
The Chaos of my thoughts: vnder this brest,  
An heape of indigested cares are prest.  
What is it that I doubt? through every joynt



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Daunces a trembling agve, this dull blood,  
That courses through my veines devines no good. *Shouts of*  
Ha, shouts of ioy, at dead mens obsequies? *joy Within.*  
I'me in a maze of woes, what thou wilt throw  
On me, *Ione*, let it come, ile stand thy blow.

*Chers.* Live happy *Baiazet*. [*Baia.* Happy in my feare,  
That word sounds sweet in my distracted eare.  
Happy in what? [*Ach.* In thy friends, *He turns aside*  
That grieve to see thy wrongs. [*Ba.* My wrongs, *to them*  
There sticks the string my thoughts did harpe vpon;  
But who hath wrong'd me in this high content?  
The fates doe sometime frowne, yet blesse th'event,  
And sequell of our woes, it cannot be,  
I should be thwarted in my jollity.  
But if I can vnfold it—for the more,  
I know them not the greater is my fore.

*Chers.* In that read all thy woes, take there a brieft, *He gives*  
Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of griefe. *him a paper*

*Baia.* How's this? my yongest sonne aduanced to my seate.  
*Corcutus Imperator*, sure I dreame:  
These are but empty apparitions  
Fain'd by the god of sleepe to vex my soule,  
Were they not so—ere this blacke night  
Had throwne her sable mantle ore the heauens  
To hide me from my shame; but is it so?  
I doe but flatter vp my selfe, they are true  
And reall griefes, my Passion sayes they are,  
*Isaack, Achmetes*, are they not? [*Ach.* Too true  
Great *Baiazet*: [*Baia.* *Corcutus Imperator*, *reades againe*  
Would I had seene thy name writ in the booke  
Of darke damnation, rather then these lines.  
Crackt not mine eye-strings when I viewed this text?  
See how each letter spreads abroad in pompe,  
As if they scorn'd my teares, how I could dwell  
On these two words, *Corcutus Imperator*.  
Hither repaire, the watchfull paper wormes  
That scan old recordes ouer to a line:  
Here in two wordes imprinted shall you see,  
The modell of a dolefull historie;

## The Raging Turke,

Vertue dishonoured, breach of filiall love,  
Right shouldered ovt by wrong, nor can you faine,  
A crime, which these two words doe not containe,  
But now I rayle, not grieve : O nimble ayre,  
Let my plaints vanish as they spoken are,  
Off with this womanish mildnesse, I will finde  
A shorter tricke then this to ease my mind,  
*Pluto* beware, I come to raigne in hell,  
Fates bid me rule, and birth-right to excell.

about to kill  
himselfe.

*Chersf.* Stay *Baiazet*, that arme can breake a path  
Vnto thy earthly Monarch, ere thou come  
To blesse the bankes of sweete *Elysium*,  
With thy wisht presence : *Mahomet* forefend  
That thou should'st seale a Kingdome to thy sonne,  
By this vntimely death, *Corcutus* raignes,  
But at thy better pleasure ; when he shall heare  
Thou art arrived, then hee'l twixt ioy and grieve,  
Start from his throne, and nimbly runne to meete,  
Thy pompe, and throw his Scepter at thy feete :  
If hee but slacke that duty here are by, —  
*Achmetes* strong and bolde, *Isaacke* and I.

Devoted to your service, yet the world stands  
On wavering doubts, ready to clappe their hands.

*Baia.* My desires are crown'd,  
And from the gate of Limbo, where I fate,  
I feele my spirits knocke against the heavens.

*Achmetes* ? In that name I heare an ease  
Of all my griefes pronounced, he shall suffice  
To banish vsurpation from my throne,  
Did furies guard it round, hee's able well  
To reach my Kingdomes from the gripes of hell.

*Ach.* My sword, and life, both which are vow'd to thee,  
Are still at thy command : walke but along,  
*Corcutus* shall resigne, thou haue no wrong.

*Exeunt Baiazet, Chersfogles, and Achmetes, Manent Isaack,  
and Mustapha.*

Actus Primi, Scena Tertia,

*Isaack*

## or, *Baiazet the second.*

*Isaack.* Death, and the furies plunge the obsequious slaues,  
Would he haue joyn'd with vs? we would haue kept  
*Corcutus* high, and honoured, where he sits  
In spight of a whole hoast of *Baiazets*.

*Musta.* Me thinkes your power might haue bin greater farre  
Ouer *Achmetes*, one adict to you  
By no lesse bond of dutie, then the sonne  
Is to the father: [*Isa.* *Mustapha* Ile tell you  
Had not my daughter beene espoused to him,  
I had nam'd his death, and by some plot  
Work't him a quicke destruction long e'r this;  
Now let vs temporize with *Baiazet*;  
Yet keepe thy nature ever, and be true  
To thine owne profit; Fortune may aduance  
Some other Prince, worth both thy loue and mine.

*Musta.* Weele stay her leasure,  
*Isaack* See more Harpies gathered to catch a Crowne,  
O tis a charming baite. *Exit vterq.*

*Enter Mahomete, Achmetes, Selinus.*

*Mahom.* Me thinks these City walles smile on our entrance,  
As if they knew great *Baiazets* three sonnes,  
Were come to grace their beautie.

*Sel.* But We should frowne  
On them which harbor such blacke treasons, Well,  
Were I great *Baiazet*, I'de ring a noyse  
Of spightfull horreur, that should make the ground  
Tremble beneath their weight at such a sound:  
A younger sonne enthron'd an Emperour.

*Achm.* Brother containe your selfe, come lets away,  
To see the end that waits on this sad day. *Exeunt*

*As they goe Trizham and Mahomet, two other  
Sonnes of Baiazer goe to meete them.*

*Selin.* What *Mahomet*? *Achm.* And *Trizham*? heers a fight  
Of one mans issue, Noble *Baiazer*,  
Brothers we haue iumpt together? *Sel.* All save one,  
And hee's a great deale better so alone.

*Triz.* *Corcutus* 'tis you meane, who though he raigne,  
Aboue vs now, yet must fall backe againe,



## The Raging Turke

Into our rancke, t'is *Baiazet* must rise,  
And hee descend, such a report there flies.

*Exeunt.*

### *Actus Primi, Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Corcutus, Cherseogles, Mesibes.*

*Corcu.* Did he not frowne, and storme?

*Chers.* It mooued him much,  
And wrought strange passions in him, when he read  
Your name, and found your name so intituled.

*Corcu.* Cling to my temples thou blest ornament,  
Be ever vremoved, though all the gods  
Chide me in thunder for this insolence,  
Am I in heaven? in state placed on the spheare  
Of eminence, but barely to appeare,  
With faint, and borrowed luster, then descend,  
Rankt with the vulgar heads, first let me feele,  
The *Tision* vulture, or *Ixions* wheele;  
And the worst torture hell it selfe can bring,  
To scourge my soule, ô let me dye a King;  
But stay, I must bethinke me at what rate,  
I purchase these faire trappings: ha? the curse  
Of him that got mee: start my daunted spirits,  
Shall I vsurpe a throne, and sit aboue my father,  
Whilest the gaping pit of hell,  
With wide stretcht iawes, yawnes for my fall,  
O I am stricke with horror, and the slaves of stix,  
Already sting my wounded soule.

*Chers.* Will you faire Prince reiect all future hopes  
Of iust succession, and afflict your Sire,  
By your vniust detainment of his Crowne.

*Corcu.* I am distracted, and me thinkes I burne,  
Vnder these robes of state, a boyling heate,  
Runnes from them through my veines, *Iones* hardy sonne,  
When he bewrapt himselfe in *Nessus* shirr,  
Felt not more bitter agonies, then I,  
Cloath'd in the trappings of my Maiestie.  
I am resolved; *Bassas*, goe meete our father,

Allure



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Allure him home with this : I am begun  
To be no King, but a repentant sonne.  
Pallas I aske thy pardon, I haue straid  
A gracelesse trewant from thy happy schooles,  
Whither I'le now returne ; theres not a ranke,  
Place, or degree, can sort vs out true blisse  
Without thy Temple, there my dwellin g is :  
Amongst the Sacred monuments of wit,  
Which Classique authors carefully haue writ  
For our instruction, I will wast my time ;  
So to wash out the spots of this sad crime.  
Court honors, and you shaddowes of true joy  
That shine like starres, till but a greater light  
Drowne your weake luster, I adjure your sight,  
Even from my meditations, and my thoughts  
I banish your enticing vanities,  
And closely kept within my studie walles,  
As from a cave of rest, henceforth Ile see,  
And smile, but neuer tast your misery.  
I but as yet am floating on the waues,  
Of stormy daunger, nor am sure to scape  
The violent blast of angry *Baiazet*.

*Exeunt Mesishes  
and Cherseogles*

Blow faire my hopes and when I touch the shoare,  
Ile venture forth on this rough surge no more.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Cherseogles*, *Achmetes*, *Isaack*, *Mesishes*, *Mustapha*, *Mahomet*, *Achomates*, *Selymus*, *Trizham*, *Mahomet's*  
*Zemes* disguised.

See where he comes, oh how my guiltie blood  
Starts to my face, and proues my cause not good.

Our dutie to our father,                      *kneeles.*

*Baia.* Ours to the Emperor. *kneeles*

*Cor.* Why kneeles great *Baiazet* ? I am thy sonne  
Thy slaue : and if thy wrath but frowne, vndone.  
Why kneeles great *Baiazet*, heavens hide thy face,  
From these preposterous doings. *Ba.* What, not a sham'd  
To circle in thy brow with that bright Crowne,  
Yet blush to see mee kneele? though filiall rites,  
And morrall precepts say the sonne must bend

## The Raging Turke,

Before the Father, yet your high degree  
And powre bids you rise, commands my knee.

*Corc.* Those ornaments be thine, Here *Baiazet*  
I Crowne thee Monarch of the spacious West,  
*Asia*, and *Affrica*: if ought be mine,  
Greater then these I here proclaime it thine.

*Omnes.* Liue *Baiazet* our mighty Prince,  
Liue, rule, and flourish.

*Baia.* Is this your zeale? is it? did euery voyce  
Breath out a willing suffrage? I am crowned,  
My ioyes are fully perfect, and I feele  
My lightned spirits caper in my brest.

Rise thou starre-bright mirrour of thine age,  
By thee our iron dayes proue full as good,  
As when old *Saturne* thundred in the clowds.

Be an example to succeeding times,  
How sonnes should vse their Parents: and I vow  
(When I shall faile) this honour to thy brow.

Attend vs *Bassas*, Ile lead on to ioy,  
Neuer was Father blest with such a Boy.

*Corcu.* Freed from a Princely burthen, I possess  
A Kingly liberty, and am no lesse

Princely; obseruance wayte on him, on me  
Thoughts vndisturb'd, I shall then happy be.

*To Corcutus  
kneeling.*

*Exeunt omnes  
manet Corcut.*

*Exit.*

## Actus Primi, Scena Quinta.

*Enter Zemes the brother of Baiazet alone.*

*Zemes.* Scarce had I set my foote within these walls.  
In expectation of a solemne hearse,  
Due to the wandring Ghost of *Mahomet*;  
But lowd alarmes of abundant ioy  
Ring in mine eares, and euery seruile groome  
Congratulates the Coronation  
Of *Baiazet*: harke how they roare it out.  
A cold disturbance like a gelid frost  
Settles my blood within me, and I hate

*A shout within.*

His

or *Baiazet the second.*

His cheerefull triumphes, more then mine owne Fate.  
'Tis true indeede, I prou'd not the first fruites,  
An elder off-spring of my Fathers breede,  
Yet was it so that *Baiazet* and I  
Both tumbled in one wombe, perhaps the Queene  
Of womens labours doted at our birth,  
And sent him first abroad, or else I slept,  
And he before me stole into the world,  
Must I then loose my glory, and be hurl'd  
A slaue beneath his feete? no, I must be  
An Emperour as full as great as he.

*Exit.*

*Actus Primi, Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Isaack alone.*

*Isaack.* Deuor'd my Daughter? fond and insolent man,  
He cruth thee into nothing, if I can  
Endure the noyse of my disgrace I know  
How to returne it; I am a flame of fire,  
A chafing heat distempers all my blood.  
*Achmetes* thou must coole it, when thy limbes  
Are emptied of that moysture they sucke in,  
And thy stain'd blood enchanted from thy veines,  
Then shall I be appeased, meane while I liue  
Tny mortall foe: But stay, let me containe  
Mine anger vndiscovered. Friend how is't?

*Enter Mesithes.*

(*Zemes*)

*Mesith.* Know you not *Isaack*? *Isa.* What? *Mes.* The flight of  
Hence to *Armenia*. *Isa.* O! *Zemes*? *Mes.* Yes he walkt  
About the Citie disgais'd, and vnscene  
Till his escape. *Is.* 'Tis strange and full of feare.

*Mes.* We meet him frequent in the vulgar mouth.

*Isaack.* *Zemes* is valiant, and *Armenia* strong,  
Here's *Baiazet*, he must beware the wrong.

*Enter Baiazet.*

*Baia.* VVhat is it thou murmurst, *Baiazet* and wrongd?  
Something it is thou knowest concerning vs:  
Take thee faire leaue, and speake it. *Isa.* Yes I know  
Matter of weight, such as concerne thy life.



## The Raging Turke,

*Bnia.* Such as concerne my life? Speake out thy tale,  
VVe are so flesht in ioy, bad newes proues strange,  
And touch my sense too harshly. *Isa.* But you must heare.  
Your brother *Zemes*, when swift winged Fame  
Tolde him your father *Mahomet* was dead,  
Flew quickly hither first to celebrate  
His funerall pompe, then to assume his State,  
His Crowne, and Scepter: which he rightly knew,  
Vnto your hand, and head, both to be due.  
But, when applausiue ioyes, and peales of mirth,  
Sounded loud Musique in his troubled eares,  
Of you enthron'd; then he began too late  
To brawle at heauen, and wrangle with his Fate.  
So he went hence and cried; reuenge be mine:  
Quake thou great Citie of proud *Constantine*  
At my fierce anger, when I next returne,  
VVith cloudes of misty powder, I shall choake  
Thy breath, and dull thy beauty with it's smoake.  
This posted he hence to *Armenias* King,  
There to implore his ayde, which he will bring  
To front thy power: nor doth he yet dispaire,  
To dispossesse, and fright thee from thy chaire.

*Baiacet.* First from my body shall he fright my soule,  
And push me into dust. *Isaack* make hast  
To muster vp our forces, strike vp our Drummes,  
Let them proclaime destruction through the world.  
Cleare vp your dusty armour, let it cast  
Such an amazing lustre on the Foe,  
As if *Bellona* danc'd on every crest.  
The bright sunne of my glory is eclipsed,  
Till *Zemes* be extinct: he must not shine  
To dull my beames, since the whole heauen is mine.  
Call forth *Achmetes*, his vnconquered arme,  
Shall keepe vs safe from this intended harme.

*Isaack.* My Liege, you haue forgot *Archmetes* oath,  
In which he vowed neuer to draw his sword  
In your defence. *Bnia.* I had forgot it,  
But now I remember, such was the vaine



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Heat of my youth, but I recall againe

VVhat euer I protested, tell him so.

Rash words must be dispensed with. *I/a.* Then he goe. *Exit.*

*Baia.* My Father once in ordering of a Campe,  
Preferr'd me to be Captaine of a wing,

So when the Battailles ioyned, and life and death

VVhere struggling who should winne power of our breath,

Our Armies prou'd the stronger ; onely my guide

Fail'd, and a base repulse fell on my side ;

At which my Father storm'd, and in my place

Seated *Achmetes*, for which black disgrace,

I vow'd a swift reuenge, euen by his shame

That wore mine honour, to redeeme my fame ;

VVhich when *Achmetes* heard, he deeply swore,

Neuer with wit and strength to guide me more.

But now he must, see where he comes, and arm'd. *Enter Achm.*

What strange deuice is plotting in his braine ?

Honored *Achmetes.* *Ach.* Royall Emperor. *Gives him a sword.*

*Baia.* Thine arme must then vphold my Royalty.

Why lyes thy valour, prostrate at our feete,

When like fiercelightnings it should runne and meete

My harmes like a rocke vn mou'd? oppose

The course, and headlong torrent of my foes.

*Achm.* I am a man of peace, mistake me not.

I made a vow, nor can it be forgot,

Till you reuoke your oath. *Baia.* Which here I doe,

Great *Mahomet* be witnesse, that I meane

Sincerely what I speake, *Achmetes* now

VVe're friends, and thus I nullifie my vow ;

Heauens on this concord lend a gracious smile.

*Achmetes* I haue plac'd thee in my bosome,

Gaue thee an honour'd title in my loue ;

And of as lasting constancie, as is

The sunne which looks so cheerefully on this.

Goe fit the Ianizaries to the warres,

Kindle new fire of valor in their breasts,

Thou art their Genius, euen the breath they draw.

Rayse then thy plumes, and keepe thy foes in awe.

## The Raging Turke,

*Achm.* Stood there a *Pluto* at thy citie walles,  
And with a band of furies had besieg'd  
Thy people, I would coniaure them away,  
And send them backe to Hell : so thou shalt stand  
As fast as in the skyes, vnder mine hand.

*Baia.* I am Crown'd in thee, nor can I fall,  
Whilest such a valour breathes within our wall,  
*Zemes* depose me ? hee must be more strong,  
Then *Mars*, that can doe *Baiazet* that wrong.

*Exeunt*

### Actus Primi, Scena Septima.

Enter *Zemes*, and the King of *Armenia*,

*Arme.* Wee hate thy brother, therefore lend thee ayde,  
'Tis not our dutie to expostulate  
Thy right vnto the Crowne, on to your warres,  
Thriue in your proiects, I shall joy to see  
A quarrell fought twixt *Baiazet* and mee.  
He second thy encounters, and we two  
Like the two Roman thunder-bolts of warre,  
Will with the flashes of our fierie swordes  
Keepe their composed rankes, that they shall stand  
Agast, to see two *Scipioes* in one band,

*Zemes.* Thankes great *Armenian* King, and when I am  
Wheel'd to that height, which now my brother holdes,  
I shall requite these benefits, and vow  
That kindnesse, which I can but promise now.

*Arm.* Come let's away, our armies are well set,  
Ready to march, now tremble *Baiazet*.

*Exeunt*

### Actus Primi, Scena Octaua.

Enter *Achmetes* in his Generalls coate, and *Caignbus* his sonne.

*Achm.* *Caignbus*, publike dangers call me forth,  
And I must leaue thee now vnto thy selfe  
My sonne, thou seest vnto what height of fame  
We are ascended, yet the sunne shines cleare,  
And not one dusky cloude of discontent  
Dimmes the vnspotted brightnesse of our ioyes,  
Not *Baiazet* is more belou'd then I :

Such

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Such strict obseruance is there shew'd to mee,  
By all that know my worth, and heare me nam'd,  
As if I grasp't *Ioues* thunder in my hands:  
By all my hopes, I feare some tragicke sceane  
Will trouble our calme fortune, Sonne beware,  
The top of honour is a narrow plot  
Of ground, whither we haue already got,  
'Tis brittle, and vncertaine, if thou tread  
One carelesse steppe aside, thou fall'st downe dead.  
The shute from thence is deepe, and vnderneath,  
Ruine gapes wide, thy body to receiue.  
Stand firme *Caigubus*: though thou start'st not away  
Yet blasts of envie often force aside  
The weariest footsteppe: these where e'r they shall,  
Blow strong, will make them stagger if not fall.

*Caigu.* I shall forget to sleepe, to breath, to liue,  
Sooner then these thy precepts, they are fixt,  
And printed in my thoughts. *Ach.* Enough, no more,  
That *Isaack Bassa* trust him not too much:  
I haue divorc'd his daughter from my bed,  
For her adulterate loosenesse, hence, hee hides  
A masse of fretting ranchor in his brest,  
Which he hath varnish't yet, and gilded o're  
With coloured shewes of love, but he is false,  
And subtile as a Serpent, that will winde  
Into thy brest, stinging thee ere thou finde  
Or ouce suspect his hatred; I must away,  
Hasty alarmes call me hence, thus, and farewell,  
Envie growes greater, as our states excell:

*Trumpets  
sound.  
Exit.*

*Caigu.* Father, adiew. *Exit.*

*Actus Secundi, Scena Prima.*

A drom'be shew: Enter *Zemes*, and the *Armenian King*, Trumpets and Ensignes, Souldiers passe ouer the stage, and in a solemne march. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundi, Scena Secunda.*

Enter *Baiazet* and *Trizham*, and *Mahomet* his two sonnes.  
*Baia.* Alaready marcht so neere, *Zemes* make hast.



## The Raging Turke,

To death, as if he long'd our wrath to tast.  
*Trizham*, and *Mahomet*, it concernes you now,  
To flie hence nimble to your Provinces,  
*Zemes* is come too neere vs to escape,  
He cannot flye the ground whereon he treads,  
But through your countreys, hast then, if the wars  
Cracke not his threed of life, his flight will bee  
When you may intercept it; if we presume  
Only on bold *Achmetes*, and our selues,  
In beds of downe supinely sleepe at home,  
*Zemes* may scape the tempest of our wrath.  
Then we hope best, when each event we see,  
Thwarted with their preventing policie.

*Trizham*. Doubt not our hast and truth, he shall as soone  
Breake through the fiery fabrick of the skies,  
As through my Provinces: *Exit*.

*Maho*. Through hell as soone as mine. *Exit*

*Baia*. Goe, I haue done my part; Mars and my fate  
Give faire successe to my designed plot,  
And *Zemes* is intrapt, already dead:  
That hand secures me that strikes off his head.

## Actus Secundi, Scena Tertia.

Enter *Achmetos*, *Cherseogles*, *Mustapha*, *Mesithes*, drummes and  
Trumpets.

*Achm*. The bartell will prove great and dangerous,  
But were their number double more then ours,  
The iustice of our cause bids vs goe on,  
And like a cheerefull drumme strikes panting feare!  
From euery brest. Father, lead you the vangard,  
The reare-ward be your charge, the right wing yours,  
My selfe will guide the left, this day shall crowne  
Your valour in full pride, *Zemes must downe*.

Enter *Zemes*, *Armenia*, two Captaines.

*Zem*. Time hath outstript our hast, our foes doe stand,  
Wauiug their golden plumes, as if the gods,  
Were come to meete great *Zemes* in the field,

Their



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Their armies planted, and a distilling cloud,  
Hovers about their heads, as if it wept,  
At their approaching fate. *Armenia's King*  
Leade you the vanguard, vnder your command  
The reareward shall march on, the Phalance  
Be your care braue Captaines, as we're inform'd,  
*Achmetes* rules the left wing of our foe,  
Ile rule the right wing of ours, so when I meete,  
Him in his pride Ile prostrate at his feete.

*Arme.* Our men are ordered, *Zemes* leade the way,  
The skies looke duskie blacke on this sad day. *Exeunt*

*Trumpets sound to the battaile, dumbe shewes in skirmishes, one of  
Zemes Captaines and Cherseogles meete, Zemes Captaine  
prenailes, his second and Melithes meete, Melithes retires, she  
King of Armenia and Mustapha meete, Armenia prenailes,  
and pursues the battaile. Enter Achmetes with his sword.*

*Ach.* Great Queen of chance; but do I call on this  
Vnconstan: *St* pdame? be thou propitious *Mars*,  
Rough god or warre: steele vp this wearie arme,  
And put a ten fold vigor in my bones;  
What shall *Achmetes* fall, and in his losse,  
Great *Baiazet*, be wrong'd? it cannot bee  
Death comes to wound thee *Zemes*, I am hee.

As he goes out, the King of *Armenia* meetes him, they fight,  
*Achmetes* makes him retire from the stage, and pursues him  
in his furie, enters againe at the one dore, *Zemes* at the other,  
they meete, drums and trumpets founding.

*Ach.* *Zemes?* *Zem.* *Achmetes?* Opportunelie met,  
Here staggers all the fortune of the field,  
This houre must blesse me, and a single fight  
Purchase thee honor, and to mee my right:  
Honour to thee, to die by *Zemes* hand,  
My right to me, an Empire to command.

*Achm.* Braue Prince, I more lament thy case then can thy selfe  
That runnest with such madnesse on the edge  
Of desperate ruine, thou art but young and weake,  
Manhoods soft blossomes are not fully spread

## The Raging Turke,

Vpon thy downy chinne; but riper yeeres  
Haue setled the compacture of my ioynts,  
And they are strongly knit: 'twill vex my soule  
In the cleare morne of thine vp-rising hopes,  
To wrap thee in a fatall cloude of death.  
Submit thee to thy brother, thou shalt finde  
Me thy true friend, him mercifull and kinde.

*Zem.* Submit? had I a right to *Jonas* high Throne,  
And stood in opposition of his power,  
Should all the gods aduise me to submit,  
I would reiect their counsell: much more thine.  
Guard thee *Achmetes*, I thy stroke abide,  
I cannot gore thy Prince but through thy side.

*They fight and breath: fight againe. Achmetes takes away  
Zemes sword.*

*Zem.* The day be thine, and *Zemes* stand thy Fate;  
Strike home, I'ue lost the day, and life I hate.

*Achm.* Haue at thee then. *Offers to run at him with  
both swords.*  
Not stirre? now by my sword  
Thou shalt haue fayrer play before thy death:  
Take backe thy sword, in that I recommit  
My forfeit to thy charge, thy life with it.

*They fight againe. and Achmetes wounds him on the  
head. Zemes falls.*

*Zem.* Oh! hold thy conquering hand, and giue my soule  
A quiet passage to her rest; my blood  
Beginnes to waite, and a benumbing cold,  
Fretzes my vitall spirits: *Achmetes* goe,  
Tell *Bajazet* that thou hast slaine his foe.

*Ach.* Farewell, braue sonne of *Mars*, thy fame shall stay  
With vs, although thy soule flit hence away.

*Zemes* I haue not lyed, *Achmetes* thou hast slaine,  
My hopes, and therefore me, my woundes are shallow,  
But my state desperate, Ha? what shall I doe?

*Armenia's* King is fled backe to his home,  
Cold entertainment will attend me there;  
The field is emptie, every man retir'd,  
Onely a few dead carcasses, and I,

Then

Or, *Baiazet the second.*

Then whither shall I bend my steps? to Rome?  
To Rome then let it bee: Bishop I come,  
Th'art a religious thing, and I will trust,  
My life to one so innocently just.

*Exit.*

*Actus Secundi, Scena Quarta.*

Enter *Mahometes, Achornates, Selymus* three of *Baiazets* sonnes.

*Sely.* Indeed we may be thought vpon in time,  
When there be Countries more then there be men,  
We may get some preferment: sit at home  
And proue good boyes, and please our father well.

My thoughts are two vnbridled, *Baiazet,*  
I neither can, nor will endure thy curbe,  
My comprest valor like a strangled fire.  
Breakes out in violent flames, and I must rule.

*aside*

*Trizham* and *Mahomet* are slipt in hast  
Each to their seuerall Prouince, we must stay,  
That are their Elders for another day;  
This Court will proue our scaffold where vve stand  
Plac't in the eye of angry *Baiazet*:

Whothvarts him in his fury is but dead,  
And in that passions heate, off goes his head.  
I must not liue thus. *Maho.* I could bee content,  
He feares not death, vv hose thoughts are innocent.

*Sely.* I thanke you brother, then belike some crimes  
Lye heavy on my conscience, and I feare,  
Vnlesse I shift my station, 'twill be knowne;  
You thinke well of me kind *Mahometes.*

*Maho.* As well as of a brother I can thinke.  
If by a rash applying to your selfe,  
My words haue beene distastfull, blame not me.

*Sely.* Can I applie them then vnto my selfe?  
Am I so loose in manners? by heauen and earth,  
Thou shalt repent this deepe lie. *Ach.* Stop that oath,  
Brothers agree, or walke hence but along  
Into my garden, where each springing hearbe  
Smiles on my faire content, there you shall see,



## The Raging Turke,

How flowers of one stocke, so twisted are,  
One in the others twinings, that they shew,  
One stands by th' others helpe, both ioyntly grow;  
These shall suffice your quarrels to remooue,  
And dumbe examples teach a liuely loue.

*Maho.* Come let vs goe.

*Exeunt Mahomates, and Achomates.*

*Sely.* Straight I will follow you.

Away fond wretches, ð that every breast  
Were of so dull a temper as you two.]

But who come's heere?

*Enter Corcinius.*

Brother *Corcinius* whither are you bent,  
What from the Court so soone? *Corc.* My father bids,  
I goe to vndertake the charge, his loue  
Hath throwne vpon me; That's rich *Tonia*.

*Sely.* You goe to rule there? *Cor.* Yes:

*Sel.* Heavens speede you well.

*Cor.* Deare *Selymus* adiew. *Sel.* Brother farewell.

*Exit*

Revenge and you, three furious twinnes of night,

*Corcinius*

Ascend vp to our theater of ill,

Plunge my black soule twice in your Stygian flood,

That by it's vertue it may be congeal'd,

And harden'd against remorse: *Pluto* enrich

My breast, with a diuiner pollicie,

Then every trifling braine can reach vnto;

Ile fill the world with Treasons, and my wit

Shall put new tracts to death: *Charon* shall see,

His wastage still in vse by companie,

Sent thither by my care, ð 'twill doe well,

To blast the earth with want, and furnish hell,

*Exit*

## Actus Secundi, Scena Quinta,

*Enter Isaack Baiazet.*

*Isaack.* Tush: vertue makes men fooles, *Isaack* be wise,  
Shake off the tender tethers of remorse,  
And hugge that chance that opens thee the way  
To ruinate *Achmetes*: did he stand

*On*



or *Baiazet the second.*

On termes of conscience, neighbor-hood or loue,  
 When he cashier'd my daughter from his house,  
 And to the worlds broad eye, opened her crime?  
 No: he was swift and bitter in his hate,  
 And so will I, he is but now return'd  
 In Triumph from the field, as full of pride  
 As I of envy, hence Ile ground my hate.  
 When fierce *Bellona* smil'd on *Baiazet*,  
 Amidst the fiery tumults of the Warre,  
 She offered *Zemes* to *Achmetes* hand,  
 They fought, *Achmetes* conquered at his foote,  
 Fell the proud rebell, wounded, but not flaine,  
 There might *Achmetes* with a blow of death  
 Cut off our feares, continued in his breath:  
 This shall incense the angry Emperor,  
 And crush *Achmetes* in his fairest hopes.  
 True politicians worke by others hands,  
 So I will by the Prince, my plot stands firme:  
 See where he comes, now fly *Mercurius*, whet  
 My tongue, to kindle hate in *Baiazet*.

*Enter Baiazet.*

*Baia.* *Isaack* how thriv'd *Achmetes* in his Warres,  
 Fame is of late growne dumbe of his renowne,  
 Surely vnwelcome newes clogs her swift wings,  
 Else had she now bin frequent in our Court;  
 And we had fully knowne the chance of all.

*Isa.* We had, yet could not the event,  
 Lie so conceal'd, but *Isaac* found it out,  
 Which when I first discovered, straight it wrought  
 Tempests of passions in me, joy and grieve  
 Raign'd at one instant in the selfe same breast.

*Baiazet* Ashow? *Isa* As thus. I joy'd that *Zemes* fell,  
 Was sorry he escap'd. *Baia.* Fell and yet escap'd?

*Isa.* Beneath *Achmetes* feete the traytor fell.

*Baia.* And yet escap'd, good *Ioue* how may this bee.

*Isa.* Thus it might be, and was so: when sad death  
 Was glutted with the ruine of each side,  
 When slaughtring *Mars* had stain'd the field with blood,  
 And cast a purple colour o'r the earth,

## The Raging Turke,

At length some milder providence desir'd,  
An end of those hot tumults that were seene,  
To last in *Zemes* breath; so that their fire  
Would be extinct, when *Zemes* should expire  
Then from the middle skirmish forth were brought  
He and *Achmetes*, being met they fought,  
*Zemes* was vanquish't by a violent blow,  
Which stricke him trembling lower then his knees;  
Now whither flattering, or present gifts  
Redeem'd him from his fate I cannot show  
Something they plotted, what, none yet can know.

*Baia*. Canst thou advise me *Isaack* how to sound  
The depth of all his mischief. *Isa*. Thus you may,  
He being come from *Zemes* ouerthrow,  
And yet luke-warme in blood, and full of ioy,  
You may in way of honour and free mind,  
Call him this night to banquet, then being set,  
When the hot spirits of carroused healths,  
Haue spoyl'd his wit of smooth and painted tales,  
And wine vnlockt the passage for the truth,  
Bid him relate the manner of his warre,  
The chances and events; then when he comes  
To *Zemes*, if he erre about his flight,  
His ends are bad, his bosome blacke as night.

*Baia*. Thou art my good Angel, *Isaack* I applaud  
Thy faithfull plot, *Achmetes* were thy soule  
As darke as hell, and thy enclosed thoughts,  
As subtile as a winding Laberinth,  
By such a guide as can remoue each doubt,  
And by a quill of threed I'd tracke them out.  
But *Isaack*, if we trappe him in this wiles,  
How shall we kill the traytor? We haue a trick,  
Already strange to catch him in the nicke.

*Isac*. Easily thus: our lawes allow a custome,  
Not vs'd of late, yet firme still in effect,  
And thus it is; when there doth breath a man,  
Direfully hated of the Emperour,  
And he in strickt severitie of right

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Cannot proceed against him, then he may  
Orewhelme him in a robe of mourning blacke,  
Which we haue cal'd deaths mantle, that thing done,  
The man thus vi'd, is forfett to fate,  
And a deuoted sacrifice to him  
Whom he had er't offended, neither can  
Strength or intreatie, wrest him from his death,  
Both which are treason, and inextinguishable.  
Thus then you may proceede, vvh en banquets done,  
And all their comicke merriment runne on  
To the last sceane, and euery man expects  
A solemne gift, due to *Achmetes* vvvorth,  
Call for a robe therewith to decke your friend,  
And perfect all his glory, let that bee  
This robe of fate, in which ready at hand,  
You may intombe the traytor, and bewrappe  
His pampered body in a vaile of death,  
So let him dye, dreame not on the event,  
Vice is rewarded in it's punishment.

*Baia.* I will be fierce and sudden, *Isack* inuite  
*Achmetes* to a feast : he dies this night.

*Exit Baia.*

*Isa.* I shall : vvvould not a private vvvarning serue.  
But open penance must correct my child,  
And a seuerer divorcement quite degrade  
Her of her honoured Matrimoniall rights ?  
Were he as strong, as Steele-like joynted *Mars*,  
As much applauded through our popular streetes,  
As er't *Dictator Fabius* was in Rome,  
Or great *Augustus*, yet the slave should feele  
The wrath of an inflamed father light  
Heauy vpon his soule, and that e'r the next sunne  
Apppeare, *Achmetes* all thy glorie's done.

*Exit.*

*Actus Secundi, Scena Sexta.*

Enter *Achmetes*, and *Calgubus* his sonne.

*Caigu.* I fear'd your safety and devoutly prayed



## The Raging Turke

The sword of justice, which your hand did swaye,  
Might be of conquering force. *Ach.* Thy prayers were heard  
And I am here as safe as I went forth,  
Vntouch't by the rough hands of desperate warre,  
Nor did I once spie danger in the field,  
But when I fronted *Zemes*, then there met  
Two streames of valor, sith on vs was set  
The chance of the whole combat, others stood  
Expecting which of vs should loose his blood:  
But heaven was just, and to compose the strife,  
This sword at one sad blow tooke thence his life.

*Caig.* The heavens were iust indeed, but who comes heere;  
*Isaack, Mesithes, and Baiazets* three sonnes,

Enter *Isaack, Mesithes, Mabometes, Achometes, Selymus.*

*Ach.* They come to gratulate my late successe,  
I see their errand foulded in their smiles,  
How cheerefully they looke vpon my ioyes,

*Omnes.* All happines attend *Achmetes.*

*Ach.* Thanks Noble friends, how fares the Emperor.

*Isaack.* Well by your guard, and he hath sent vs now,  
All to invite your presence to a feast,  
We must be frolike, and this following night,  
Shall Crowne your joy with revels and delight,  
Or else deprive thy soule of that good light. *aside*

*Ach.* We must be frolicke Captaines, thinke not then  
On my loud drummes, and staring trumpeters,  
Such whose strong lungs roare out a bellowing voyce,  
Would make a man daunce Antick in the fire,  
Weele haue a choicer musique, and my feete,  
Shall tread a neater march, then such harsh straines  
Can teach them, with more pleasure, and lesse paines.  
Since it hath pleas'd the Emperor to grace  
Our slender merrits thus: we shall be there,  
To taste his bountie. *Mes.* Weele lead on before.

*Ach.* Ile follow you. *Isa.* Ne'r to returne more, *aside*

*Exeunt omnes; Manent, Achmetes, and Caigabus.*

*Ach.* I am happy aboue envie, and my state,  
Not to be thwarted with iniurious fate,



or *Baiazet the second.*

I could disburden all my jealous thoughts,  
And shake that curriſh vice ſuſpition, off  
From my ſincere affection, I haue wrong'd  
Sure I haue wrong'd thee *Iſack*, thy chaſt loue,  
Cloakes not intended miſchiete, blacke deceit  
Cannot lie hid vnder ſo pure a white,  
But it would caſt a coloured ſhadow out,  
Through ſuch a ſlender wayle, thy generous thoughts,  
Nouriſh no baſe detraction; thy free loue  
Thy profeſt actions, ſay t' were no juſt fate  
That good mens deedes ſhould die by ill mens hate.

*Caig.* Pray heaven they doe not. *Ach.* feare not, I am guilt  
To *Baiazet*, expected at the feaſt, *Exeunt*

*Actus Secundi, Scena Septima.*

Enter *Baiazet*, and *Cherſeoles*.

*Baia.* The day's farre ſpent, is not *Achmetes* come?

*Cherſ.* Not yet great Emperor.

*Baia.* Vice-roy of Greece, ſay now there were a man  
Whom my mind honored, and I ſhould command,

To cloath his body in a ſuite of gold,

Studded with gems, worth all the Indian ſhore,

Durſt any tongue gainſay it: *Cherſ.* Surely no.

*Baia.* What if I hated him, and ſhould command

To wrappe him in a ſable coloured blacke,

And ſentence him to death? *Cherſ.* Then he muſt die.

*Baia.* My thoughts are troubled.

*Cherſ.* What ſhould theſe queſtions meane,  
Abrupt demands, one to confound the other?

My liege, your gueſts are come.

Enter *Achmetes*, *Iſack*, *Mahometes*, *Achomates*,  
*Selymus*, *Meſuſhes*, *Caigubus*.

*Baia.* Bleſt be the houre in which I ſee *Achmetes* ſafe return'd  
Bring in our banquet ſouldiers: boyes kneele round,

*Enter a banquet, all kneele.*

A ring of brauer lads nere bleſt the ground,

Supplic vs here with nectar, giue it me,

E

*takes the cup*

*Achmetes*

## *The Raging Turke,*

*Achmetes*, noble warriour, heer's to thee,  
A health to thy blest fortunes, it shall runne  
A compleate circle ere the course be done.

*Ach.* My dutie bids me pledge it. I returne  
Good health to *Isaack*, and in this wee'l drownd  
All conceal'd enmities. *drinkee*

*Isa.* Ioue split me with his thunder, if my brest  
Harbour one bad thought, when this draught is past.  
And so I greet thy sonne? health to *Caigubus*. *drinker*

*Caigu.* *Mahometes* the turne lights next on you. *drinkee*

*Maho.* Ile pledge it freely, Viceroy her's to you. *drinkee*

*Cherf.* *Achmetes*, to you I must commend  
The welfare of *Achmetes* in this cup. *drinks*

*Acho.* To you *Mesithes*, thus I proue my loue. *drinks*

*Mes.* Yong Prince I doe commit this health to you. *drinks*

*Sely.* I am the last; be prodigall in wine,  
Fill vp my bowle with Nectar, let it rise  
About the goblets side, and may it like  
A swelling Ocean flow about the banckes,  
I will exhaust it greedily, 'tis my due. *drinkee*

*Omnes.* Weele drinke with Bacchus and his roaring crew.

*Baia.* Already done, so quickly runne about,  
One health to me, faith sith you are set too't,  
Heer's a carouse to all, *Omnes.* Weele pledge it round.

*As they drinke round, Baiazet, riseth and speakes aside.*

*Baia.* 'Tis the last draught to some, or I shall faile,  
In mine intendments. let a loe escape?  
When he was trampled downe beneath his feete,  
There must be treason in it; how my blood  
Boyles in my breast, with anger, not the wine  
Could worke such strong effect; my soule is vext,  
A chafing heat distempers all my blood,  
*Achmetes* thou must coole it when thy limbes  
Are emptied of that moisture they sucke in,  
And thy stain'd blood vnchannel'd from thy veines,  
Then shall I be secure, a quiet rest  
Shall rocke my soule asleepe, 'tis thy last howre,  
Must set a period to my restlessse feares.

What

**'O, Baiazet the second!**

What are you merry friends? drinke on your course;  
Then all arise: and now to consummate  
Our happy meeting, and shut vp our joyes,  
Discourse *Achmetes* of your finish't warres;  
After an age of woes it proues at last  
A sweete content to tell of dangers past.  
Let's know your whole events. *Ach.* Great Emperor  
Scarce had the rosie day-starre through the East,  
Display'd her siluer colours through the heauen,  
But all the watchfull souldiers ready arm'd,  
Dim'd her pale cheekes, with their transparent Steele,  
And added lustre to the dull sight morne,  
So stood we in full pride till the bright Sunne  
Climing the glasse panement of the skies,  
Rouz'd the slow spirits of the backward foe,  
And vrg'd them to the field; at length step forth  
*Zemes*, in all the trappings of his state:  
And like a well-taught *Hector*, rang'd his troupes,  
Into their seuerall orders, all prepar'd  
*Titan* being fearefull step behind a cloud,  
Left when he saw our limbs bath'd all in blood,  
And purple streames gush't from our wounded breasts,  
Like vwater from their springs; he in a feare  
Should be eclips'd, or startle from his spheare,  
The ayre was thicke and dimme, our armies joyn'd,  
The skirmishes grew hot, and angry *Mars*  
Inthron'd vpon the battlements of heauen,  
Left either side to tugge with their owne strength,  
Till their oppressing multitude bore downe,  
The iustice of our cause, and our whole side,  
Not daring to withstand, scorning to flye,  
Stood trembling on the vtmost brinke of hope,  
Then the propitious Gods singled me out  
*Zemes*, the life and spirit of our foes:  
We met and fought, such was my happy fate,  
That at the first encounter *Zemes* fell,  
And I disarm'd him, when in proud contempt,  
He spit defiance in the face of death,



## The Raging Turke 40

Open'd his brest, and dard me to the stroake,  
Whereby I might haue sent him hence to hell,  
But I in admiration of his worth,  
Arm'd his right hand once more and bad him fight,  
Chance did direct my sword vpon his head,  
He fell before me, and cry'd, *Achmetes* hold:  
I'me wounded to the death, and Captaine goe  
Tell *Baiazet* that thou hast slaine his foe.  
I left the dying Prince, our warres were done  
And ceas'd with him, by whom they were begunne.

*Isaacke.* The plot has tooke. *aside*

*Baia.* Treason by *Mahomes*.

I left the dying Prince.

*Isaack.* Pursue the proiect. *Baia.* Worthy *Achmetes*,  
Well we may giue, but not reward by gifts,  
And thanke, but not requite thee, I would hate  
That liberality which would abate  
The worth of the receiuer, thy true fame,  
Outstrips the length of titles, and a name  
Of weightie honour, is a slender price,  
To grace thy merits with, as for a voice,  
To crowne thee after death, thou art the choice,  
Of euerliuing glory, on thy crest,  
Is her abode, and when the latest rest  
Of nature, hath betrayd thee to thy graue,  
Then shall she print in characters of gold  
How braue a man thou wast, how great, how bold,  
Though we be dumb, yet shall the world vplift,  
Thy name, and thou shalt liue without our gift.  
Yet thy blest fates, haue not created thee  
So clearely Godlike, but some other chance,  
May crosse thy greatnesse, and thy high renowne  
The envie of some God may shouder downe,  
Then thus weele make thee happy, future events  
Ne'r shall oppresse thy worth, nor enuious chance  
Blot thy ensuing fame, *Achmetes* know,  
Death an immortal gift, we thus bestow.

He casts a gowne of blacke velvet vpon him, called the mantle  
of death.

*Caign.*

or, *Baiazet the second.*

*Caigub.* Treason, treason. O my Father treason,  
Helpe Ianizaries. *Exeunt*

*Baisa.* Stop the furious youth. *Exeunt Bassas.*  
Bring in an Heads-man. Traytor, Zemes dead?  
He lues to see this hand vntwine thy thread.

*Enter seven or eight Ianizaries with swords drawn.*  
What meanes this outrage?

*Ianiza. 1.* Cruell homicide.

2. Vngratefull wretch.

3. Tyrant.

4. Meete hilts in's guts. *Circle him.*

5. First let his owne hands take that Mantle off.

*Baisa.* Helpe! Treason! I am slaine.

6. Helpe? why? From whom?

Is not thy Guard about thee.

*Baisa.* Hem'd in with death? My friends beset me round  
Not to preserve my life, but murder me.  
Blush you pale heauens at this abhorred fact,  
That they may see their crimes, and be asham'd  
Of this vnheard offence: Valiant Ianizaries,  
Sheath vp these weapons of rebellion,  
Print not that vgly sinne vpon your brow,  
Let my free pardon woe you to submit.  
Keepe your allegiance firme.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

1. One word more damnes thee.

2. How pretily he began to talke

3. Of sinne and pardon. *Baiazet* behold

Here stands a man milde, honour'd, gracious,

Valiant, and faithfull; gentle in command,

At home belou'd, and fear'd amongst our foes,

Yet hath thy hand of cruelty assay'd

The hated murder of so deere a friend:

Blush you pale heauens at this abhorred fact;

That he may see his crimes, and be asham'd

Of this new bloud inesse. Wicked *Baiazet*

These admonitions fit the teacher well.

*Baisa.* But heare me speake.

## *The Raging Turke,*

4 First set *Achmetas* free, then speake thy fill.

*Baisa.* What shalt I be compell'd?

5 And quickly too.

6 We cannot brooke to see him stand thus cloath'd.

*Baisa.* Your anger will haue way. *Achmetes* goe. *Takes off the*  
*There take him. They haue sau'd thee from this woe. Mantle.*

*Exeunt showing and leaping.*

Pernicious villaines, they haue crost my plot,

'Twas intercepted eu'n in the last deede:

What should *Achmetes* meane thus to ingrosse

The best affections of my Ianizaries?

Will he defraud me of my Crowne and life?

My life I weigh not: but to loose my Crowne

Were to be sentenc'd to a hell of woes.

I am full stufft with choller. Slauish Peasants

Held I a sword of power in mine hand,

I would disioynt them peece-meale; can I not?

Am I not Emperour? men call me so:

A reuerend title, empty attributes,

And a long page of words follow my name,

But no substantiall true prerogative.

*Enter Isaack.*

*Isaack.* Good health to *Baisas*.

*Baisa.* Indeed that's nothing, since your counsell fail'd.

*Isaack.* Vse your best patience it may be regain'd.

Affection in your stubborne multitude

Is a prone torrent not to be withstood.

Were you as sacred as their household gods,

Yet when you thwart the current of their will,

They'le breake the bands of duty, and prophane

That holinesse to which they bound their thoughts.

Mine eyes are witnesse with what lively ioy

They bore him through the streetes vpon their necks,

Offering the vse of their best strength.

*Baisa.* No more.

I am already gone. Why did not then

His proud ambitious tongue bid them goe fetch

My Crowne, and with quick speede disrobe a wretch?

'Twas in his power: we are distracted *Isaack.*

Lend



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Lend vs thy wholsome counsell to prevent  
My ruine, and their dangerous intent.

*Isack.* Mine is a blunt aduice, and deepe in bloud  
To cut off those base Peasants that withstood  
The force of your decree.

*Baiaz.* To cut them off?  
Me thinkes I see my selfe yet circled in  
With their reuengefull swords, ha? cut them off?  
Could I but curse the Traytors from the earth,  
Or were my doome pronounc'd but of effect,  
I'de rattle such new torments in their eares,  
Should stagger their high courage; but my feares  
Strangle my furies, and my enuious fate  
Forceth my tongue to flatter, where I hate.

*Isack.* Here lyes the safest course, to rid these griefes  
Gine out, you'le goe to warre, so to enlarge your territories,  
And to this end fetch home,  
Those warlike Souldiers plac'd in Garrison.  
Let them remaine without the walls; at last,  
When things shall fit your purpose, leade them all  
By night into the Citie, and in one stroke  
Strike off so many thousand periur'd heads,  
As shall amaze posterity to heare,  
How many liues redeem'd thee from thy feare.

*Baiaz.* The waight of all mine honour leanes on thee,  
That or some ncerer course shall quell the pride,  
Of strong *Achmetes*, and confound his side.

*Actus Secundi, Scena Octaua.*

*Enter Zemes and Alexander Bishop of Rome.*

*Bishop.* If your intents be vertuous, and desire  
Of eminent place quite banisht from your thoughts,  
My house shall be your Castle: that I denie  
My men and Armes to ayde you in your broyles,  
Thinke it kinde vsage: should my Holinesse  
Feede your ambition, and make strong your hand.

## The Raging Turke,

Against your brother 'twere too light a brand  
Of flaming hordiscention, and to set  
The world in a combustion: all would then  
Quarrell by my example: No sweet Prince  
Romes holy Bishop must not so transgresse:  
If you will dwell within my sacred roose  
Settle irregular Passions, and begin  
A quiet life, repentance wipes out sin.

*Zemes.* My waxen wings are melted, I will soare  
Against the sunne, through such thick cloudes no more.  
The middle Region shall containe my flight,  
Your counsaile I wayes my wishes, my late decdes  
Were full of sinne: now let my brother know  
*Zemes repents; (and that's the greatest woe.)* *Exit.*

*Bish.* To mans aspiring thoughts, how sweet is hope  
Which makes them (like Camelions) live on ayre  
And hugge their slender plots: till coole dispayre  
Doth so benumme his thoughts, that he falls dead  
From his sublime height, and his lofty head  
Which leueld at the skies, doth drop below  
His humble feete, this hath experience taught  
In that mans head-long ruine, whose proud thoughts  
Aym'd at the Turkish Diademe; but now crosse Fates  
Haue forc'd his stubborne Fates to bow. *Enter a Messenger.*  
What speakes your entrance?

*Messen.* Health to Romes Bishop.  
And Peace from *Baiaxet*, who commends his loue  
With this his Letter, and expects from you *Gives him a letter.*  
A gracious answer. He reades the Letter.

*Bish.* Let *Zemes* die by an vntimely death,  
Else for our loue you shall prouoke our hate.  
Hee's not our brother, but our hated foe:  
And in his death you shall preuent our woe.  
Returne our seruice back: tell *Baiaxet*  
What he hath giuen in charge; shall by my hand  
Be carefully dispatch. *Messen.* Good peace attend you. *Exit.*

*Bish.* Imperious Turke,  
Am I not Gods Vize-gerent here on earth,

And

or *Baiazet the second.*

And dar'st thou send thy letters of command?  
Or speake to me in threatning menaces?  
It grates my patience to obey this monster,  
Yet must I murder *Zemes*, what doe I know  
Whether my fathers soule did trans-migrate  
Into his breast or no? be dumbe remorse,  
The Turke is great and powerfull, if I winne  
His loue by this, t'will proue a happy sinne.

*Actus Tertij, Scena Prima,*

Enter *Selymus* alone,

*Selym.* Am I so poore in worth? still kept so low?  
Was I begot only to liue and dye,  
To fill a place, none idly to and fro  
Like other naturalls? vnmanly life,  
The world shall take more notice of my fame,  
Els will I with the venom'd sting of warre,  
Deface the beauty, of the vniuerse.  
Posteritie shall know, once there did breath  
A *Selymus*, a mortall diety,  
A man at whose blest birth the planets smil'd,  
And spent their influence to create a boy,  
As braue as *Greece* e'r hatcht, or *Rome*, or *Troy*.  
Heer's *Isaack Bassa*, hee's already mine,  
He courts my father, but intends for mee,  
And furthers all my counsells; Noble friend,  
How stand our hopes?

*Enter Isaack*

*Isaack.* Great Sir, most happily,  
The *Bassas* murmur at *Achmetes* wrong:  
Seize on their wauering loue, their breasts are ope,  
To him that first will enter ther's free scope;  
Drop downe thy franke affection in their hands,  
To bribe is lawfull, and 'tis strongly prou'd  
By good examples, *Osbo* ne'r was lou'd,  
Till he had bought the souldiers, that once done,



## The Raging Turke

*Galba* grew out of fashion, so must wee  
Addict them to vs by a gaine-full fee :  
Giue freely, and speake fairely I'll be gone,  
Stay here, the *Bassas* will be here anon. *Exit. Enter Mefishes.*

*Sely.* I shall obserue thy precepts, *Mefishes* welcome,  
How fare you in these dayes of discontent?  
My dutie bids me aske, and wish you well;  
I haue beene long a barren debtor to you,  
At length I may proue thankfull : weare my loue,  
'Tis yours without refusal, a sleight gift, *gives him a ring*  
Yet your lookes tels me, 'twill helpe out my drift. *aside*

*Mefi.* This courtesie exceeds my weake deserts  
Sweet Prince but when occasion calls me forth,  
To helpe you, I'me deuoted to your worth.

*Sely.* Your kind acceptance of that recompence,  
Binds me more strictly to you.

*Mefish.* Sir, farewell, *Exit.* *and enter Mustapha*

*Sely.* So one hath tooke, see where another comes :  
All health to *Mustapha.* *Musta.* Thankes gracious Prince,  
Your gentle pardon for my boldnesse Sir.

*Sely.* Command my pardon, and commend my loue  
To thy bright daughter : tell her I admire  
Her vertuous perfection ; let that chaine *gives him a chaine*  
Make me remembred often in her mind.

*Must.* When my weak strength, or wealth shall stretch so far,  
As to continue—

*Sely.* No Cynicke complement, good *Mustapha.*

*Musta.* Then I returne you thankes *Exit*

*Sely.* Health follow you,  
And honour me ; here is a third at hand :

*Enter Asmehemides.*

*Selym.* Continuance to your health Sir.

*Asme.* Thankes gentle Prince,  
Please you to vse my seruice?

*Sely.* Yes, thus farre  
Spend me that purse of gold. *gives him a purse.*

*Asme.* What meanes your Highnesse ?

*Selym.* But to deserue your kindnesse, and avoid

The

or *Baiazet the second.*

The hated censure of ingratitude,

*Asme.* This is your liberall vertue not my deeds,  
But you shall find me thankfull. *Exit.*

*Selymus.* So I hope;

Three steps are trod already to a Throne,  
And I am rich in friends, these profferd gifts  
Conjure observance from their servile breasts:  
Oh powerfull gold, whose influence doth winne  
Men with desire for to engender sinne,

*Isaacke Bassa?*

*Isaacke* Euen the man you wisht;  
What did the golden lute worke good effect?  
And make the *Bassas* stoupe vnto your minde?

*Sely.* Words are but empty shadowes, but if deeds  
Answer their words, we cannot doubt their faith,  
They stoupe beneath my fecte, I seeme to be  
As true as *Ioue*, but slye as *Mercurie*, *Enter Mesithes*  
Here comes *Mesithes* muttering backe againe,  
But step aside and we shall know his mind.

*Mesith.* But he is cruell, bloody, and his pride  
Vnsufferable great—

*Selymus* Ha?

*Mesithes* Proud *Baiazet*,  
Thou hast vsurp'd a title, thy descent  
Could neuer reach vnto, thou wrongst the world  
Since thou detain'st the Crowne, which heavens decree  
Due to a better brow, thou art defam'd  
With Tyranny and wrong, but *Selymus*  
Is voyd of blemishes as trueth of lyes;  
Bad stocks must be cut downe, the good must rise.

*Sely.* He daunted me at first, but now I find  
The golds bright lustre made his judgement blind,  
*Mustapha* comes. *Enter Mustapha*

*Musta.* Fortune hath wheel'd me vp about the starres,  
Vnder a Monarch Ile not sell my hopes:  
Bold *Selymus* Ile second thy designs,  
And thou shalt Queene my daughter, that being done  
With mine owne splendor Ile eclipse the Sunne.

## The Raging Turke

*Sely.* I't so? a while Ile feede thy ayrie hopes  
Then dash thee into nothing.

Heer's a third.

*Enter Asmehemides*

*Asm.* A purse of gold? I can vntie the knot,  
The close ængima say's, I would be King.  
Braue *Selymus* I like thy mounting thoughts,  
Worke out thy proiects, thou canst neuer need  
Or aske my helpe, but thou art sure to speed.

*Exit*

*Sely.* What we resolu'd, stands firme, but the euent  
Be scan'd when leasure serues, wee now preuent  
My brothers hopes, and by a sudden fate  
Vnto their liues and dayes giue equall date,  
To compasse a blest end: now we beginne  
*Ioue* hath offended if it be a sinne  
To throw a father downe: *Saturne* did dwell  
Once in the heauens, *Ioue* threw him downe to hell.

*Enter Baiazet and Achmetes, hand in hand, Cherseogles, Mesithes,  
Mustapha, Mahometes, Achomates, Trizham, Mahometes,  
Asmehemides.*

*Sely.* But stay. *Achmetes*, and our ~~others~~ friends?

*Baia.* *Achmetes* I haue iniur'd thy deserts,  
Subbordn accusers, wrong'd my credulous eares,  
And my rash censure vnderuallued much  
Thy noble spirits, when it first condemn'd  
Then of intended treason, reuise thy soule  
In the dull riuer of obliuion,  
We halt beneath the burthen of thy hate,  
Thinke my mou'd anger made me hot and wild,  
I cannot sleepe till we be reconcil'd.

*Asm.* The gods neglect my welfare here on earth,  
And when I shall put off this mortall load,  
Let me be out-law'd from the Court of heauen,  
If in this bosome there lye hid one thought  
That doth not honour *Baiazet*.

*Baia.* Wee know—

Thy vertues makes happy valiant Sir,  
Thy feete once more must tread a warlike march,  
Vnder our fearefull banner, thou shalt pace

*Euen*



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Euen to the walles of *Rome*, there dwels our foe,  
Where our halfe Moone rear'd in the middle camp,  
Like a distempred Meteor in the ayre,  
Shall strike amazement in the cloistred monkes  
And shake the prelates Miter from his head,  
Till he yeeld *Zemes* vp aline or dead.  
When we haue mou'd thee from thy Ianuzaries,  
Thou shalt not trauell farre. *aside*

*Isaack.* A subtile tricke  
And well pretended, I admire thy wit. *aside*

*Achm.* Let me march hence, and *Baiazet* shall know,  
How little I befriend my Princes foe,  
Ile cast a ring of souldiers round about  
The walles of *Rome*, if *Zemes* scape thence out,  
Cut of my breath: he that's deepe in blame,  
Must hazard boldly to regaine his fame.

*Triz.* What meanes our father, noble *Baiazet*,  
To worke vntimely horrors through the world,  
Desolate ruine, publike discontent  
Haue printed deepe impressions in our path,  
Danger and feare scarce emptied from our towne,  
The shaken members of our common wealth,  
Yet staggers with their wounds, when discord shall  
Make but a second breach, they faint and fall.

*Mah.* Short peace hath charm'd your subiects all asleepe;  
And throwne a quiet slumber ore their eyes,  
Whilest with a sweete restorative she heales  
Their Martyr'd joynts, and wipeth out their scarres  
Writ on their bosomes by the hand of warres,  
*Zemes* is safely cloystred vp at *Rome*,  
The prelate dares not ayde him, all the gods  
Smile on the entrance of triumphant peace,  
War lies fast bound, nor can she worke our paines  
Vnlesse we loose the fury from her chaines.

*Baia.* Our sonnes instruct vs? must your pregnant wits,  
Crosse my command? *Bassaes* prepare for warre,  
And since your graue discourse argues a will,  
To stay at home, you shall; wee'l lay you vp.

## The Raging Turke,

Where no loud ecchoing drums shall breake your sleepe,  
Euen in the bowels of your mother earth  
I will intombe you : Put them both to death.

*Omnes.* What meanes great *Baiazet*?

*Baia.* To murder you, vnlesse you strangle them.

*Ambo.* But heare vs speake.

*Baia.* Stop vp the damned passage of their throat,  
Or you are all but ghosts. what ; stare you friends ?

*Isaacke* and *Selymus*, a garter ;

Twist me that fatall string about his necke,

And either pull an end,

*strangle Trizham.*

*Mefishes* come

Ioyne force with me, by heaven y'were best make hast,

Or thou art shorter liu'd then is that bratte.

Tugge strongly at it. *strangle Mahomet.*

So ; let the bastard droppe,

We haue out-liud our tutors : dung hill slaues,

Durst they breath out their Stoicke sentences

In opposition of our strickt command ?

*Selym.* So : things run well along, and now I find  
*Ioue* heares my prayers, and the gods grow kind.

*Baia.* Did not I send these to their Provinces

To hinder *Zemes* flight ? and did not they

Dejected bastards giue him open way ?

Mine anger hath beene just.

*Cherseo.* None doth deny'r ;

You may proceed in your edict for warres,

And make *Achmetes* generall of the campe.

*Baia.* It is enough : *Achmetes* goe to hell,

*stabs him*

The deuils haue rung out thy passing bell,

And looke for thine arrivall.

Shend me slaues.

*Exeunt omnes.*

They fly before my breath like mists of ayre,

And are of lesse resistance, Ile pursue.

*Exit*

*Achme.* Oh ! I am slaine, Tyrant thy violent hand,

Hath done me pleasure, though against thy will,

Had I as many liues as drops of blood,

I'de not outliue this houre : flye hence vaine soule,

*Climbe*

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Climbe yonder sacred mount, strine vpwards, there,  
There where a guard of starres shall hemme thee round,  
Build thee a safe tribunall—I am gone—  
Oh tragique cruelty—behold—the end  
Of two right Noble sonnes—one faithfull friend: *moritur*

*Re-enter Baiazet in fury.*

*Baia.* Haue all forsaken me? and am I left  
A pray vnto my selfe; did all their breath  
Passe through his organs? and in his sad death,  
Haue I abruptly crackt the vitall threed  
Of all my *Bassaes*? *Achmetes groanes.*

Ha? where am I now?  
In some *Gehenna*, or some hollow vault,  
Where dead mens ghosts sigh out their heavy groanes:  
Resolue me *Mahomet*, and ridd me hence,  
Or I will spoyle the fabricke of thy tombe,  
And beate away the title of a God.  
Do'st thou not moue? a trunke? a stocke? to die,  
Is to put on your nature, so will I.

Offering to stab himselfe, *Cherseogles, Mesithes, Mustapha,  
Mahomates, Achomates, Selymus, Asmechemides, in-*  
*terrupt him.*

*Omnes.* Hold, hold, and liue.

*Baia.* How come these bodies dead?

*Fily.* Father, it was your selfe.

*Baia.* Let me renoke

My wandring fence, Oh what a streame of blood  
Hath purg'd me of my blacke suspition,  
Two sonnes, one valiant Captaine hence are wrought  
By mine owne hand, to cure one iealous thought,  
As'tis, they are the happier; I out-lie,  
Them whom I wisht to fall: onely to graue,  
Beare foorth their bodies; *Bassaes carry them out,*  
We were curst in this,  
And shall intombe with them much of our blisse,  
Indeed wee had resolu'd to spend this day  
In things of more solemnitie, lesse woe.  
Now our more wished councell shall begiane



## The Raging Turke,

And bitter deedes waigh vp the scales of sinne.

*Amasia* is a province rich and strong,

*Mahomates* it is thine, keepe it as long

As I haue power to giue it; go, prouide  
For thy conveyance, at the next fayre tide.

*Mahom.* Farewell deare father.

*Baia.* Worthy sonne adiew.

The loue my dead sonnes wanted, fals to you,  
As an hereditary good.

*Selymus* Then we *aside*  
May vaile our heads in blacke, no mourners be.

*Baia.* *Mahomates*, thy worth  
Deserues some trophies of our loue,  
Which to let slip vnmention'd, were to adde  
To this blacke day, a fourth offence as bad;  
Gouerne *Manesia*, now the people stand  
Disfurnisht of an head, let thy command,  
Be great amongst them, to; make speedy hast.  
Honour ayes for thee.

*Selym.* Now the stormes are past.

*Mahom.* Father adiew;

*Exit.*

*Baia.* *Mahomates*, farewell.

*Selym.* Now to my lot, I thought 'twould ne'r a fell.

*aside*

*Baia.* Now *Selymus*, wee know thy hopes are great,  
And thine ambition gapes with open iawes,  
To swallow a whole Dukedome: but young Sir,  
We dare not trust the raines of gouernment  
Into the hands of *Phaeton*. Desire,  
Rashly fullfill, may set the world on fire;  
Greene youth, and raw experience are not fit,  
To shoulder vp a Kingdomes heauie weight,  
Mixe wit with stay'd discretion, and spend  
Wild yeares in study, then we doe intend  
To settle more preferment on thy head  
Then thou can'st hope for.

*Selymus* Wilt thou enuious dotard  
Strangle my greatnesse in a miching hole?  
The world's my study *Baiazet*, my name,

Shall

Or, *Baiazet the second.*

Shall fill each angle of this round-built frame.

*Exit.*

*Baiaz.* I know he grumbled at it ; but 'tis good  
To calme the rebell heat of youthfull blood  
With sharpe rebukes.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Health to the Emperour.

*Baiaz.* What will your message?

*Messen.* Duty first from *Rome*,

Commended by the Bishop to your seruice,  
With a firme promise to dispatch your will  
What euer it imployd, and would but stay  
Till Times swift circle should bring forth a day  
Secure for the performance.

*Baiaz.* 'Tis enough.

*Exit.*

Thanks for your care. This was to murder *Zemes*.  
Warre with the Bishop? 'thad beene pretty sport,  
I knew my powerfull word was strong enough  
To make him doe my pleasure : simple Priest,  
Onely I vs'd it as a trick, to send

*Achmetes* from the Citie and his friends;

But Fate so smil'd vpon me, that I found  
A shorter meanes his life and hopes to wound  
With my sententious sonnes, that when my foe  
Fled through their Prouince, finely let him goe ;  
Which being wholly finish'd, straight to please  
My friends, I play'd a raging *Hercules* ;  
Then to shut vp the Scene, neatly put on  
A passionate humour, and the worst was done.

But who comes here?

*A dumbe show.*

*Enter Mahometes with store of Turks, he as taking his leave,  
they as ceremoniously with great humblenesse, taking their  
leaves, depart at severall doores.*

I like not this. *Mahometes* belou'd  
So dearely of the Comminalty : ha?  
Hee's wife, faire-spoken, gently-qualified,  
Powerfull of tongue ; why hee's the better sonne,  
Not to supplant his Father. I mislike  
The prodigall affection throwne on him  
By all my subiects. I belyed my hopes  
When I presum'd this day had freely rid

## *The Raging Turke,*

Me of my worst vexation : I was borne  
To be a lade to Fate, and Fortunes scoffe,  
My cares grow double-great by cutting off.

*Exit.*

### *Actus Tertij, Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Caigubus Achmetes sonne.*

*Caigub.* If euer man lou'd sorrow wisht to griene  
Father I doe for thee. Could I depriue  
My senses of each object, but thy death,  
Then should I ioy to sigh away my breath :  
Be Godhead to my griefe, then shall these eyes  
With tributary teares bedeck thy shrine :  
And thus I doe invoke thee : nimble Ghost  
What euer orbe of Heauen, what euer coast  
Affords thee present mansion, quickly thence  
Flit hither, and present vnto my sense  
Thy selfe a feeling substance, let me see,  
Acknowledge and admire thy Maiesty.  
Put off that ayry thinnesse which denies  
Me to behold thee with these duller eyes,  
Then shall they sending downe a powerfull flood,  
Rence thy colde members from each drop of blood,  
And so returne thee back, that thou may'st soare  
Vp to the skies, much purer then before.  
Had the iust course of nature wrought thee hence,  
I would haue made the gods know their offence,  
And backe restore thy soule : but thou art dead,  
And 'twasa fiercer hand that clipt thy thread.  
Fiercer, and bolder, which did euer thrive  
By mischief, and once confinde thee aliuie  
Vp in deaths mantle, but then would not vse  
Such open violence, nor durst abuse  
One of such sacred worth, till fury struck  
His reason dead, and made his treacherous hand  
Creepingly stab thee, both vnseene and foule,  
As if he would haue stolne away thy soule.  
But oh !

*Enter Isaack.*

*Isaack.*



*Or, Baiazet the second.*

*Isack.* But oh indeede?

*Caignub.* Why what?

*Isack.* As bad

A stroke attends thee as thy Father had:  
Princes suspition is a flame of fire,  
Exhal'd first from our manners, and by desire  
Of rule is nourish'd, fed, and rores about  
Till the whole matter dye, and then goes out.

*Caignub.* Unfold a Scene of murders: Fates worke on,  
Wee'le make a path to Heauen, and being gone  
Downe from the lofty towers of the skies  
Throw thunder at the Tyrant; will he presse  
The earth with waight of slaught' red carcasses?  
Let him grow vp in mischiefe, still shall her wombe  
Gaping, referue for him an empty tombe.  
We doe but tread his path; and *Bassa* since  
It stands vpon thee, now to cure thy Prince  
Of his distemper'd lunacie, goe fetch  
The instrument of death, whilst I a wretch  
Expect thy sad returne.

*Isack.* I goe; and could  
It stand with mine alleageance, sure I should  
Imploy my seruice to a better end,  
Then to disrobe the Court of such a friend.

*Exit.*

*Caignub.* He that is iudg'd, downe from a steepy hill  
To drop vnto his death, and trembling still  
Expects one thence to push him, such a slaue  
Doth not deserue to liue, nor's worth a graue.  
Then *Lachesis*, thou that deuid'st the threed  
Of breath, since this dayes Sun must see me dead,  
Thus I'le preuent thy paine, thus I'le out-runne  
My Fate; and in this stroke thy worke is done. *Stabs himselfe.*  
Eternall mouer, thou that whirl'st about  
The skies in circular motion heare me out  
What I command, see that without controule  
Thou make Heauen cleare, to entertaine my soule,  
And let the nimble spirits of the ayre  
Print me a passage hence vp to thy chaire,

## The Raging Turke,

There will I sit, and from the Azure sky,  
Laugh at obsequious base mortality.  
Vanish my soule, enioy, embrace thy Fate  
Thus, thus thou mount'st above a Tyrants hate.

*Stabs him-  
selfe. dyes.*

*Enter Isaack with executioners.*

*Isaack.* We are prevented; see the fates command  
False deedes, must dye though by the Actors hand.  
Returne to *Baiazer*, and beare that corpes.

*Exeunt.*

So now I am alone, nor need I feare  
To breath my thoughts out to the silent ayre;  
My conscience will not heare me, that being deafe  
I may ioy freely: first thy hated breath  
*Achmetes* vanisht, next *Caigubus* fell,  
Thus we clime Thrones, whilst they drop downe to hell.  
The glorious eye of the all-seeing sunne,  
Shall not behold (when all our plots are done)  
A greater Prince then *Selymus*; 'tis hee  
Must share with *Ioue* an equall Maiesty.  
But for my selfe his Enginer I'll stand  
Above mortality, and with a hand  
Of power, dash all beneath me into dust,  
If they but crosse the current of my lust.  
What I but speake, 'tis Oracle and Law,  
Thus I will rule and keepe the world in awe.

*Selym.* Noble assistant.

*Enter Selymus, Mesther,*

*Isaack.* Happy *Selymus*.

*Mustapha, Asmehemedes.*

*Selym.* 'Tis thou must make me so, for should I stay

Wayting my Fathers pleasure, I might stand  
Gazing with enuie at my Brothers pride,  
My selfe lying prostrate, euen beneath their feete.  
Townes, Cities, Countries, and what ere so euer  
Can giue high thoughts content, are freely theirs,  
I onely like a spend-thrift of my yeares  
Idle my time away, as if some god  
Had raz'd my name out of the rule of Kings,  
Which if he haue, then *Isaack* be thy hand  
As great as his, to print it in againe  
Though *Baiazer* say nay.

*Isaack.*

or, *Baiazet the second.*

*Isack.* No more: I will;  
An Empire be our hopes; that to obtaine  
Weele watch, plot, fight, sweat, and be colde againe. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Tertii, Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Zemes, and Alexander Bishop of Rome.*

*Bishop.* Canuot my words add solace to your thoughts?  
Oh! you are gulft too deepe in a desire  
Of foueraigne pompe, and your high thoughts aspire.  
All the vnshadowed plainnesse of my life  
Doth but contract thick wrinckles of mislike  
In your Majestick brow, and you distast  
Morall receipts, which I haue ministred  
To coole Ambitions Feauer.

*Zemes.* Pardon Sir,  
Your Holinesse mistakes my malady,  
Another sicknesse grates my tender breast,  
And I am ill-at heart: alas, I stand  
An abject now as well in Natures eye,  
As erst I did in Fortunes: is my health  
Fled with mine honour? and the common rest  
Of man, growne stranger to me in my griefe?  
Some vnkowne cruse hath bred through all my blood  
A colder operation, then the iuice  
Of Hemlock can produce: O wretched man!  
Looke downe propitious Godheads on my woes:  
*Phœbus* infuse into me the sweet breath  
Of cheerefull health, or else infectious death.  
If there an Angell be whom I haue crost  
In my tormented boldnesse? and these griefes  
Are expiatory punishments of sinne?  
Now, now repentance strike quite through my heart,  
Enough of paines, enough of bitter smart  
Haue tyed me to't. I haue already bin  
Bolted from ioy, content can enter in,  
Not at the open passage of my heart,



## *The Raging Turke,*

I neither heare, nor see, nor fee, nor touch  
With pleasure ; my vexation is so much.

My graue can onely quit me of annoy ;

That preuents mischiefe, which can bring no ioy. *Exit.*

*Bish.* Now I could curse what mine owne hand hath done,  
And wish that he would vomit out the draught  
Of direfull poyson, which infects his bloud.

Ambitious fire ? why 'tis as cleane extinct,

As if his heart were set beneath his feet,

Griefe hath boil'd out the humours of vaine pride,

And he was meere contrition.

What's the newes ?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Zemes as now he left you, pale and wan,

Dragging his weake legges after him, did fall

Dead on the stony pauement of the Hall,

Not by vnhappy chance, but as he walkt,

Folding his armes vp in a pensiue knot,

And rayling at his Fate, as if he staged

The wounded *Priam*, or some falling King,

So he, oft lifting vp his closing eye,

Sunke faintly downe, groan'd out, I dye, I dye.

*Bish.* It grieues my soule : let *Bajazet* know this

Could our owne shortned life, but lengthen his

By often sighes I would transfuse my breath

Into his breast, and call him back from death. *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertii, Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Selymus, Mesithes, Mustapha.*

*Selym.* Let not my absence steale away my lone,

Or locall distance weaken the respect

Which you haue euer borne me; I must fly

To shake the yoke of bondage from my necke :

My Fathers eyes shall not scan out my life

In euery action; then when I am gone,

Our lone like pretious mettall shall not cracke

In the protraction, but be gently fram'd

*Into*

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Into a subtler thinnesse, which shall reach  
From either part, not craz'd by any breach.

*Mefith.* Returne with ruine painted in thy brow,  
Pale death triumphant in thy horrid crest,  
Danger limm'd out vpon thy threatning sword,  
The Turkish thraldome pourtrai'd on thy shield,  
Wee'le meete thee in thy horror, and vnfold  
Our armes as wide as heauen to take thee in.

*Selym.* We trust you: if there lie vnspoken loue  
Hid in your bosomes, we must bury it  
In silent Farewells.

*Mustaph.* Noble Prince adiew,  
Since thy franke deeds haue printed in our hearts  
So true a patterne of thee, we will feed  
Our contemplation with thy memory.  
VVhen thou art really departed, thus  
A better part of thee shall stay with vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Selym.* So the swift wings of flight shall mount me vp  
Aboue these walls into the open ayre,  
And I will towre aboue thee *Baiazet*.  
Farewell soft Court; I haue beene kept too long  
VVithin thy narrow walls, and am new borne  
To golden liberty; now stretch out you heauens,  
Spread forth the dewy mantle of the cloudes  
Thou powerfull Sunne of *Saturne*, and remoue  
The terminating Poles of the fixt earth  
To entertaine me in my second birth.

*Enter Isaack Bassa.*

*Isaack.* Not yet rid from our warrs? Faire Prince take heed,  
Treason's a Race that must be runne with speed:  
*Aeolus* beckons, and the flattering windes  
Ioyne all to helpe our proiect: quickly hence:  
All's full of danger. Did your Father know  
Hee'd stop your flight, and breath at one deaths blow.

*Selym.* Friend I am gone: thou hoary God of Seas, *Exit.*  
Smooth the rough bosome of thy wrackled tide,  
That my wing'd Boat may gently on it glide.

# The Raging Turke,

## Actus Quarti, Scena Prima.

*Enter Bajazet solus.*

*Baia.* How the obsequious dury of the world  
Hangs shiuering on the skirts of Majestie,  
And smells out all her footsteps : I could yet  
Neuer steale leasure to reforme my thoughts,  
Since my pale brow was first hoop'd in with gold  
Till this blest houre : and now great *Bajazet*  
Empty thy breast of her imprison'd ioyes,  
Which like the smothering windes, could with a blast  
Rip vp a passage. I am crown'd in blisse,  
Plac'd on the rockes of strong security,  
Without the reach of Fate. Envie shall gnash  
And pine at my full pleasures ; the soft feete  
Of labouring Ambition, shall quite tire  
Ere touch the starry-height on which I stand.  
*Achmetes* and his sonne with my two boyes  
Are false, to cleare the sun-shine of my joyes,  
*Achomates* I feare not, *Selymus*  
Lies cag'd within the compasse of mine eye,  
All that I doubt is of *Mahomates*,  
That blazing starre once darkned, I will throw  
The lustre of my pompe from me, as cleare  
As if three Sunnes were orb'd all in one Spheare.  
What newes brings *Isaack*?

*Enter Isaack Bassa.*

*Isaack.* Vnwelcome newes.

*Baia.* Be quick in the deliuery.

*Isaack.* Then thus.

Young *Selymus* is fled.

*Baia.* Fled ?

*Isaack.* Fled this night to the Tartarian King.

*Baia.* VVould he had sunke  
To the Tartarian deepe. *Isaack*, th'art false,  
And euery haire dependant from thy head  
Is a twin'd serpent. *Isaack* I say th'art false,

I read



or *Baiazer the second.*

I read it in thy brow.

*Isaack.* By heauen I am not.

*Baia.* Come; answere my demands, first, at what time  
Left he the Court?

*Isaack.* I know not.

*Baia.* Know he is fledde,  
And know not when he fledde, how can this be?

*Isaack.* After our strickt enquiry, 'twas our chance  
To light on one that saw him take a ship,  
At the next haven.

*Baia.* On one; bring forth that one,      *Exit Isaack*  
He found the depth of these villanies.

*Enter Isaacke with a dwarffe.*

What's here?

A barrell rear'd an end vpon two feete?  
Sirrah, you guts and garbage—did you see  
*Solyms* leaue the Court?

*Dwarffe.* So please it your—

*Baia.* Please it? thou monster, are you now so pleasing.

*Isaack.* My Liege hold in your fury: spend not one drop  
Of your fierce anger, on so base a worme,  
Keepe it entire and whole, within your breast,  
That with it's vigor it may crush the bulke  
Of him whose treasons moue it.

*Baia.* So it shall,

Neptune reine backe thy swelling Ocean,  
Invert the current of thy guilty streames  
Which further trecherous plots, mild *Aeolus*,  
(That when a peevish goddesse did intreat,  
Scatteredst a Trojan Navy through the seas)  
Now *Baiazer* a Turkish Emperor  
Bids thee send forth thy jarring prisoners,  
Into the seas deepe bowels, let them raise  
Tempests shall dash against the firmament  
Of the vast heavens, and in their stormy rage,  
Either confound or force the vessell backe,  
In which the traytor sayles; now, now beginne  
Or I shall thinke thee conscious of this sinne.  
What would this monke?

*Enter a monke*

H

*Monke*

## The Raging Turke,

*Monke* Only your blessed almes.

*Baiazet* I'me in a liberall vaine—

*Monke* *booties of a dagge at Baiazet, Mesithes, and*  
Traitor I'me flaine, *Isaack kills the Monke*

I feele the bullet run quite through my sides,

*Isaack.* Great *Mahomet* hath kept you safe from harme,  
It neuer toucht you—

*Baia.* Oh—I am flaine,  
Open the gates of sweet *Elysium*,  
Take in my wounded soule : Bring forth that *Monke*,  
He make him my soules harbinger, he shall  
Fore-runne my coming and provide a place  
Amongst the gloomy banks of *Acheron*,  
Then shall he dwell with me in those blacke shades  
And it shall be my blisse to torture him.

*Isa.* Hee's gone already, I haue sent him hence.

*Baia.* Fly then my soule, and nimbly follow him,  
He must not scape my vengeance : *Charon* stay,  
One waftage will serue both, I come, away.

*Isa.* Let not conceit thus steale away your life.

*Baia.* Me thinkes I feele no blood ebbe from my heart,  
My spirits faint but slowly.

*Isaack* Heare me Sir,  
You are not wounded.

*Baia.* Ha ? not wounded.

*Isaack.* Vntoucht as yet;  
His quaking hand deceiu'd him of his aime,  
And he quite mist your body, here behold  
The bullet yet vnstain'd with blood.

*Baia.* Now I beleue thee : oh the balefull fate  
Of Princes, and each eminent estate !  
How euery precious jewell in a Crowne,  
Charmes mad ambition, and makes enuy doate  
On the bewitching Beauty of it's shine;  
Indeede proud Majesty is vsher'd in  
By superstitious awfull reverence,  
But cursed mischiefs follow ; and those are  
Treasons in peace, blacke stratagems in warre.  
But wher's the dwarfie ? *Isaack,* goe send him in;

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Bid bold *Mosithes*, and sage *Mustapha*

Quickly attend vs; goe.

*Exit Isaacke*

*Isaacke* I shall.

*Baiazet* This houre,

Hath hatcht a richer project in my braine,

Whose wisht event, shall strangle envies breath,

And strike ambition dead in euery breast.

Sirrah, draw hence the body to the ditch,

*Enter dwarfse*

Whither the filth of the whole Citie runs,

There ouerwhelm't in blood; goe, quickly doo't;

What doost thou grin thou visage of an ape? *he strikes him*

*Dwarfse* Ile rather hang my selfe then endure this.

*Baia.* Nay, come; be patient and Ile vse thee well,

Why—'twas a Scepter strooke thee, and 'twill worke

Diuiner operation in thy blood

Then thou canst dreame of.

*Dwar.* I'de rather be strucke crosse the teeth with a pudding  
Then crosse the backe with a scepter. *fions)*

*Baia.* A man would guesse so, thar ouer-views the dimen-  
But to thy businesse. *he carries out the course*

*Enter Bassaes.*

*Bassaes* stand yee round,

Stay: who comes here? sure I should know that stature,

Obserue him neerely. *Enter Mahometes disguised.*

*Bassaes.* Tis no Courtier.

*Mahom.* *Mahometes* 'tis time to looke about,

*Selymus* fledde? *Achometes* ador'd?

My name scarce heard of through the popular streets?

Had that vnhappy arme of that dam'nd Monke,

Not staggerd from the Marke at which he aym'd,

Who euer sent him hither, I had leapt

Into the emptie throne, and cropt the fruit

Budding from treasons roote; but Ile returne

Backe to my Province, this vnknowne disguise,

Shall search my Fathers closest policies.

*Isaack* *Mahometes* disguis'd.

*Baia.* By heauen 'twas he

He pries snto my counsells: let it bee.

Wee'le forward in our businesse, which beeing done,

H 2

Weele



## *The Raging Turke*

Weele coole the hot ambition of each sonne,  
As mine already is, quicke mouing time  
Hath cast a snowy whitenesse on my haire,  
And frosty age hath quel'd the heate of youth,  
Mine intellectuall eyes, which euer yet  
Gaz'd on the worlds rich gilded vanities,  
Are now turn'd inward, and behold within,  
Dismall confusion of unpardoned sinne.  
E'r since I first was settled on this Throne,  
My cares haue clog'd the swiftnesse of the houres,  
And wrought a tedious irksomnesse of life,  
Murders haue mask'd the forehead of the Sunne  
With purple-coloured clouds, and he hath blusht  
At the blood-sucking cruelty of state.  
Ther's not one little angle of this Court,  
Whose guiltie walls haue not conceal'd a knot  
Of traitors, squaring out some hideous plot,  
Against my safety; now at last I spie  
The dangers of perplexed Maiestie.  
And were it not for a religious feare  
Of after-harmes, which wretchedly might teare  
And spoyle the body of this Monarchy,  
Here at this instant would I strike the sayle,  
And proud top-gallant of mine eminence,  
Hurle vp my scepter, dis-inthrone my selfe,  
And let the Greene heads scramble for the Crowne.  
Age hath taught me a stayder prouidence  
Then my rash youth could reach to; I intend  
To place this glittering bable, on the head  
Of some successour, e'r I yet am dead,  
So giue it out; thereby let try the loue  
And fauour of the people: whom they seeme  
Most to affect I'll raise to that esteeme,  
How doe you like the counsell?

*Chers.* As we could like

A voice of health sent from the carefull gods.  
This newes will lay the fury of your sonnes,  
And breed low dutie in them all, in hope

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Of the reward propos'd.

*Exeunt Baiazet, Chorsegles, Maxem Mustapha, Isaacke,  
Mesibes, Asmehemides.*

*Isaacke* Awake preventions eyes, we must not sleepe  
If we would see proud *Baiazet* displac't,  
And *Selymus* elated to his height.  
Name him the people favours;—hee affects  
*Achomates*: and knowes the multitude  
Wrapt with his heavenly wisedome, cry for him,  
We must be quicke and wary, here are keyes  
Left, and lay'd vp by *Selymus*, that store  
Shall visit emptie purses, and inchaunt  
The needy sort of men, that the ones wealth,  
Shall weigh vp 'tothers wisedome in the scale  
Of their light judgement; lend your best endeavors  
Wee'le crosse thee *Baiazet*, and thy hopes shall dye  
By thine owne ill-contrined policy. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quarti, Scena Secunda.*

Enter *Baiazet*, takes *Asmehemides* by the hand, a  
Courtier belonging to *Mahomates*

*Baia.* Leave vs; Wee would be priuate with our friend,  
'Tis thou must doo't sweet *Asmehemides*,  
*Mahomates* and thou are two neere friends;  
He will suspect in others close deceit,  
Thee, for thy generous vertues he will stand  
With obuious embracements to receiue  
Into his bosome; whither when thou art  
Wound in, be sure to strike him through the heart.  
I am offended, 'tis just piety  
To sacrifice his body at the shrine  
Of my displeasure, doe it, I am thine.

*Asmehem.* Were he as deare to mee, as the halfe part  
Of mine owne bodie, as the breath I draw;  
I'de doe this charge: wee mortalls must obey

## The Raging Turke

When Gods command, and Emperors are they.

*Exit*

*Bala.* So willing to be damn'd? had I adjoyn'd  
Some vertuous office, surely he would then  
Haue said, that good deedes are not deedes of men.  
But let them goe; *Mahometes* must dye,  
And for my other boy fierce *Selymus*  
The boysterous hand of warre must snatch him hence,  
My other sonne *Corcutus* liues immur'd  
Within *Minerva's* cloister, thus I cleare,  
A path through which *Achomates* shall runne  
Vp to my throne when all their hopes are done.

*Exit*

### Actus Quarti, Scena Terty

*Enter Achomates.*

*Acho.* The promise was direct and absolute,  
To blesse my Temples with a sacred Crowne,  
VVith protestations of a quicke dispatch,  
Ere his owne right were cancelled by fate,  
So to cut off all rivals in my joyes.  
VVhat intercedent chance hath made his care  
So slacke in the performance? by heaven I feare,  
Delayes will proue delusions of my hopes  
And that homebred Mercurian *Selymus*,  
VVill split the expectation of my blisse,  
Forefend it *Mahomet*, or I shall be  
A sad revenger of indignitie.  
How now? vwhat speakes this bold intrusion?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Health to *Achomates* from *Baiazer*.

*Acho.* From *Baiazer*? vnfold thy welcome newes,  
How fares our Noble Father?

*Messen.* In full health;  
And wils you thus by mee: to muster vp  
Your surest forces, and with moderate hast,  
Repaire vnto the Court, where you shall find  
Employments worthy of a valorous mind.

*Accom.*



or *Baiazet the second.*

*Achom.* To muster armes? can'st thou surmise the cause?

*Messen.* VVith confidence I dare not; but tis sayd,  
Against that haughtie Noble *Selymus*,  
VVho of the Tartar King implored ayd,  
To an vncertaine end: himselfe giues out  
To fight with *Hungary*, and stretch the bounds  
Of the old Turkish regiment; But fame  
With panting voice, bids *Baiazet* beware,  
And whispers in his eare, he is the foe,  
Proud *Selymus* intends to overthrow.

*Acho.* Enough, regret our Father with our love  
Tell him wee shall not sleepe to his command;  
Fly nimble backe: dares the audacious boy,  
Trouble the world with his tempestuous armes?  
He chastise him with yron whips of warre,  
If either strength or stratagems shall serue,  
To spoyle the gawdy plumes of his high crest;  
I'll vse the strongest violence of both;  
I am swolne big with hate, and I could breake  
Vntimely passage with a wholesome stabbe  
To vent the monster strangled in my wombe.  
Father I come, he that detaines a Crowne  
Bequeath'd to me, must thunder-strike me downe.

*Exit*

*Enter Corcynus.*

*Corcn.* Buzzing reports haue pier't my sluddy walles,  
And clog'd my meditations ayry wings,  
By which I mount aboue the mouing spheares  
And search the hidden closets of the heauen,  
I cannot liue retir'd, but I must heare  
Mine owne wrongs sounded in my troubled eare:  
VVhat? will my father falsifye that oath;  
In which he vowd successions right to mee,  
VVhen I resign'd my honors vp to him,  
He deeply swore; when the vprising Sunne  
Of his bright-shining royallty had runne  
It's compleat course through the whole heauen of state,  
And fainting dropt into the VVesterne lapse;  
My brightnesse next should throw it's golden beames,

Vpon

## The Raging Turke,

Vpon the worlds wide face, and ouer-peere  
The duskie clouds of hidden privacie,  
And shall *Achornates* succeed? Shall hee  
Shine in the spangled robes of Majesty?  
Then *Baiazet* is false, let it be so  
I am secur'd from a huge masse of woe.  
Yet Ile toth' Court, that when *Achornates*  
Shall spie mee, and remember but my due  
'Twill staine his lustre with a blushing hue.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Cherscog's*.

*Bais.* My cares are growne to great to be compriz'd,  
Within the narrow compasse of my breast,  
Vice-roy of *Greece*, Ile powre into thy heart  
Part of my secrets; which being entred in,  
Locke them as close vp, as thou wouldst a sinne  
Committed, yet not knowne: I must impart  
Things worth thy faithfull silence.

*Chers.* Worthy Sir,  
By the inclosure of my soule I sweare—

*Bais.* Ile not heare out thine oth, in brieft 'tis thus  
The *Bassas* are all false and loue not vs;  
Nor doth my brain-sicke fury prompt me thus,  
I read it in their gestures, conuenticles,  
Actions, and counsells, my suspitious eye  
Hath found a great breach in their loyalty.

*Chers.* Surely this cannot bee.

*Baiazet* By heauen 'tis true,  
Each man that guards mine honour is my foe,  
Ile shake these splendant robes of Majesty  
From my ore-burden'd shoulders, and to ease  
My selfe, bequeath them to *Achornates*.

*Chers.* *Achornates*?

*Bais.* Euen he, vnlesse the voyce  
Of the whole Citie interdict my choice.

Enter *Isaacke*, *Mesibes*, *Mustapha*.

*Chers.* Heere comes the *Bassas*,  
Sure I see bad newes

Pourtraid

Or, *Baiazet the second.*

Pourtrai'd on the Index of their fronts.

*Baia.* Bad newes? We have out-liv'd good dayes too long,  
We can expect no other, come unclasp  
Volumes of mischiefs, and make deafe my cares  
With an infused multitude of cares.

*Bassas.* Young *Selymus* hath crost *Danubius* flood,  
And seiz'd ypon the Provinces of *Thrace*,  
And with a Navie plow'd the *Euxine* Sea.

*Baia.* Peace bellowing night-raucens, with how cheerefull  
Their puffing lungs croke out the balefull note,  
Are these the warres 'gainst *Hungary*? you powers  
Of heauen, brush off your cloddy patience,  
If you but winke at these notorious crimes,  
I'll say you dare not check our stubborne times.  
Well as yet, I'll make vse of his pretence  
Vize-roy of *Greece*, beare you this Embassie  
To that suspected Traytor *Selymus*,  
Tell him the warres 'gainst th' *Hungarian* foe,  
Are full of dangers and approued harmes,  
Never attempted by our Ancestors,  
Without repulse or damage bid him dismisse  
His rough Tartarian youth, then if he stand  
Vnmou'd and stiffe, feigne vengeance is at hand.  
Make thy best speed.

*Cherse.* I shall, 'twill be well done  
To reconcile a Father and a Sonne.

*Baia.* Thought he tumultuous vprores could deserue  
The fauour of his Prince: h'as trod awry,  
And mist the path that leades to Majestie.  
These bright Imperious ornaments shall grace  
No rebell-monster, nor base runne-away.  
My resolution's firme, it shall not be;  
*Bassas*, this day an Herauld shall proclaime  
In the worlds eare, my great successours name.

Are you content?

*Exit.*

*Mustapha calls  
in an Herauld.*

*Bassas.* We are.

*Baiaz.* Call forth an Herauld.

*Isack.* As our alleageance bindes vs wee'll obey.



## *The Raging Turke,*

But what we graunt, the Souldiers will gaine-say. *Aside.*  
Thou shalt not thrine in this : I dare be bold  
My golden hookes haue ta'ne a faster hold.

*Baia.* Herauld, *Be my loud Eccho, ratific my deede,*  
And say *Achomates* shall next succcede.

*Herauld.* *Baiazet* the second by the appointment of our great  
Prophet *Mahomet*, the onely Monarch of the World, a mighty  
God on earth, an invincible *Caesar*, King of all Kings, from the  
East vnto the West, Gouvernour of *Greece*, Saltan of *Babylon*,  
Soueraigne Of *Persia* and *Armenia*, triumphant Tutor of *Ierusa-*  
*lem*, Lord possessour of the Sepulcher of the Crucified God,  
subuerter and sworne enemy of the Christians, and of all that  
call vpon Christ; proclaimeth *Achomates* his second sonne next  
and immediate successeur.

*An alarm of Trumpets.*

*Within.* None but *Baiazet*, none but *Baiazet*.

*Baiaz.* By heauen they are corrupted: none but I?  
'Tis no loue borne to me that moues this cry.

*Mesith.* Great *Baiazet* the cause why they deny  
This iust proposall, riseth from an vse  
And customary licence long obseru'd;  
To wit, when their crown'd Emperour is dead,  
The interpos'd vacation is a time  
Of lawlesse freedome: then they dare to spoile  
The Iewish Marchants of their traffick wares,  
And prey vpon all strangers: so that should  
Your Honour be conferr'd vpon your sonne  
Whilst you your selfe yet breath, then should they loose  
The long expected gaines; therefore refuse  
What you propos'd.

*Baiaz.* If that be all the cause,  
Wee'le giue them such a Kingly donatiue,  
As doubly shall buy out those ill-got spoiles  
Fiue hundred thousand Duckets, if they please  
With my free choise to crowne *Achomates*,  
Proclaim'd to be their due.

*A flourish of Trumpets.*

*Herauld.*

For, *Baiazet the second.*

*Herauld.* *Baiazet* the second by appointment of our great Prophet, *Mahomet*, &c. proclaimeth that hee'le attribute 500. Thousand Duckats if you yeeld alleageance To *Achomates* his successeur. *Trumpets sound againe.*

*Within.* None but *Balazet*, none but *Baiazet*.

*Baia.* *Achomates* I sent for, how hee'le digest These grosse illusions, I may iustly feare : By this I had discourag'd *Selymus*, And kill'd his hopes ; by this I had cut off The growth of hate, and choked discords seed. *Exit.*

*Enter Mustapha with a Messenger to the other Bassaes.*

*Mustaph.* Beare this to *Selymus* with thy best care.

*Mesih.* And this. *Give him Letters.*

*Isack.* And this: fly, let thy winged speed Returne a suddaine answer, else we bleed. *Exeunt*

*Actus Quarti, Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Selymus, Tartarian King. Attendants.*

*Tartar.* Goe on braue Prince; Lead on thy marshal'd troups, Degrade the Turkish Monarch, let him faint At the deepe wounds, which thy reuengefull hand Shall print vpon the bosome of his land. Goe on ; Me thinks I see *Victoria* sit Triumphant on thy steely Borganet.

*Exit Tartarian King.*

*Selym.* Farewell; now I will meete thee *Baiazet* With a careere as free as if Heauens Ioue Had bid me goe : bespeake the stoutest gods To take thy part; tell them that thou must meete A *Selymus*, who when the warres are done, Will scale the Forts and Castles of the Sunne, Breake vp the brazen gates of *Acheron*, And bury Nature with the world together. Captaines leade on ; Now shall the sword and fire By publike ruines crowne my iust desire.

## The Raging Turke,

Sleepe *Hungary*, I'll not breake off thy rest  
With the vnwelcome Musick of my Drummes ;  
I'll turne the edge of my reuengefull sword  
Vpon the bosome of my native soyle;  
There dwels the motiue of my Tragick warres,  
Whose ruthlesse sad Catastrophe shall wound  
Posterity in vs : Infants shall mourne  
Ouer their Fathers tombs as yet vnborne.  
But who comes here ? I'll meete him.  
Noble Vize-roy.

*Enter Cherseogles.*

*Cherseog.* Peace and health to *Selymus*.

*Selym.* Health, but not peate, whilst yonder light can see  
Mortalls, whom Turkish force could ne're subdue.

*Cherseog.* Yet what if *Baiazet* our honour'd Lord  
Bid you roule vp those flaxen signes of warre,  
And sheath the sword drawne forth against his foe ?  
When duty sayes obey, what shall say no.

*Selym.* My courage and a proud contempt of all  
Corriual Nations, could send back a no,  
Able to fright a Parliament of gods.  
It could so : but if *Baiazet* gaine-say  
My plummy valour flags, my thoughts gaue way.

*Cherseog.* Then thus he wills you to discard your force,  
And send the black Tartarians to their home,  
Withall averring the Hungarian foe  
(Against whose power, you haue summon'd Armes)  
Is full of strength and power, ne're oppos'd  
Without the bitter downefall of our side.  
Nor would the worlds great Monarch *Baiazet*  
Empaire his fame so much, as to be sayd,  
He tam'd a Foe by Tartars borrowed ayd.

*Selym.* Ha : I am vilely non-plust. Courteous Vize-roy  
Returne our duty back to *Baiazet*,  
Euen in the humblest termes wit can inuent,  
Tell him he hath a sonne of that high spirit,  
As doth detest a cowardly retreat.  
Were all the dead *Heroes* of our foes  
All that are now, and all that are to come



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Met in one age, I'de face them drum to drum.  
Bid our deare Father be secure of me  
And my proceedings: then true valour shines  
Most bright, when busied in the great'st designs.  
Is not this answer faire?

*Cherseo.* Most true: and yet  
'Twill proue distastfull.

*Selym.* No, it cannot be:  
If there be too much valour in this breast,  
Blame him that plac'd it there, euen *Balazet*.  
My vertues and my bloud, are both deriu'd  
From his first influence, and I must either hate  
Disgracefull calumnies, or degenerate.

*Cherseo.* All this I'll tell your Father, yet hee'll rest  
As much vn-satisfied as at the first,  
He will expect the head-strong pride of youth  
Should strike low sayle to his graue providence.

*Selym.* And so it shall: sage Vize-roy I obey,  
And reuerence his counsell more, then feare  
An host of armed foes: tell him I'll come  
To his Court gates with neither man nor drum.

*Cherseo.* I'll tell it him with ioy, which when he heares,  
Hee'll be disburden'd of a thousand feares.

*Selym.* Remember my just duty: 'tis no matter,  
I will retaine that till I come my selfe.  
I am not out-reach'd yet by all these trickes,  
My hopes are farther strong, I'll to the Court  
With a close march, in no submissiue sort,  
And steale vpon them: Instantly I goe  
To meete my Father, but a subtile foe.

*As he goes out, a Messenger meetes him,  
gives him the Letters.*

*Messen.* Good health to *Selymus*.

*Selym.* Good health: From whom?

*Messen.* *Isaack, Mesithes, Mustapha* salute you.

*Selym.* Those good *Trinners*: what is't they speake?

*Opens the Letters.*

I (To feede on hopes is but a slender dyet.)

## *The Raging Turke,*

'Tis short, but full of weight : to feede on hope  
Is but a slender diet. Let it be.

*Descants.*

I'll mend my table though no feast with me.

¶ 2 (Faire opportunity is bald behind)

*Reades second.*

'Tis true indeede *Mefithes*. Neuer feare

I'll twist my fingers in her golden haire.

What speakes the third? This writes more at large,

And comments on the prefixt principalls.

(Your Father did proclaime who should succede

*Reads.*

Publique denials nullified his deede,

Your hast will be conuenient ; things concurre

To blesse your hopes, Fate bids you not demurre)

Yours *Isaack Bassa*.

*Isaack* I am thine,

And come to finish vp our great designe.

*Exit.*

## *Actus Quarti, Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Achomates solus.*

*Achom.* Vnquiet anguishments and ieaious feare  
Fly from my thoughts, like night before the Sunne:  
I'me lifted to the highest Spheare of ioy,  
My top inuolopt in the azure cloud,  
And starry rich habiliments : my feete  
Set rampant on the face of Natures pride,  
The rarest worke weau'd by her handmayd Art  
Cloathes my soft pleasures, I'me as great as *Ioue*,  
Onely I rule below, he raignes aboue.  
Oh ! the vnspoken beauty of a Crowne,  
Whose empty speculation mounts my soule  
Vp to an heauenly Paradise of thoughts.  
Father, I come that thou may'st crowne my head,  
Whilst apprehensiuereason stands amaz'd,  
Amidst the blisfull shades of sweet conceit.  
Then I'll call back my wandring intellect  
From dreames, and those imaginary ioyes,  
I'll teach my soule to twine about a Crowne

To

or, *Baiazet the second.*

To sweat in raptures, to fill vp a Throne  
With the bigge-swalling lookes of Majestic,  
I'll amble through a pleasures Labyrinth,  
And wander in the path of happinesse,  
As the true object of that faculty.  
Great *Baiazet* I come. Thou must descend  
From Honours high Throne, and put off thy right  
To build me vp an heauen of choyse delight.

*Exit.*

*Actus Quarti, Scena Septima.*

*Enter Mesithes, Mustapha, Isaack.*

*Mesith.* The Emperour begins to smell deceit.  
I know by his ill lookes and sparkling eye  
That he affects vs not.

*Musta.* I doubt as much.  
Young *Selymus* ha's wrong'd our loyalty  
In his so slack proceedings; we were rash  
And indiscreetly-forward in consent,  
When we ioynd on to raise his gouernment.

*Isaack.* Peace, 'tis too late to chide at what is done,  
We haue so deeply waded in the streames  
Of those procellous plots, nor can renoke  
Repentant footsteps, or securely creepe  
Back to the Throne of safety, 'tis now good  
To venture on, and swim quite through the flood.  
Here comes the Emperour. *Enter Bajazet and Asmehemedes.*

*Baia.* Attend vs Bassacs.  
Ar't sure hee's dead?

*Asm.* *Mahometes* is dead.  
There's nothing mouing of him but his soule,  
And that robd of his body by this hand.

*Baia.* Enough. That soule reuiues to see him dead-  
That wrong'd the body; Oh! my bloody heart,  
Must in his frenzy act an horrid part.  
Follow thy Prince to hell.

*Stabs him.*

*Asmech.* To death! Oh deuillish ingratitude:



## The Raging Turke,

I'me flaine. I dye.

*Moritur.*

*Baia.* And iustly: would each foe  
And Traytor to my state were thwarted so.  
*Bassaes* conuay this hated body hence,  
The sight of that damn'd villaine moues offence:  
Now pause a while my soule, and reckon vp  
What obstacles are yet to be remou'd?  
*Achomates* must stay the peoples leasure.  
*Corcutus* dally with *Minernaes* Nimphes.  
The last and worst, proud *Selymus* shall dye.  
Thus I'll compose a firme security.

*They carry  
him out.*

*Enter Bassaes with Cherseogles.*

*Baia.* Arriu'd already noble *Cherseogles*?  
You'r carefull in our cause: but speake the newes  
From our pert Souldier. What meanes *Selymus*?

*Cherseo.* To track the path backward from whence he came,  
To strip himselfe of martiall ornaments,  
And to fill vp the duty of a Sonne,  
Come visite you in low submission.

*Baia.* These are too fairely promis'd, to be meant,  
Ambition hath already chain'd his soule  
Too surely in the captiue bonds of pride,  
Then that he now should cloath his stately hopes  
In the plaine sordid weedes of penitence,  
He doth but varnish o're some treacherous plot  
In this smooth answer: come, wee'll leade along  
To our Imperiall seat of *Constantine*,  
That strongly fortified, we need not feare  
The weake attempts an home-bred foe can dare.

*Exeunt Bajazet and Cherseogles.*

*Mesub.* Ha! we are sweetly plung'd, if cold despaire  
Bennumme his youthfull courage, and he faint,

*Mustaph.* Would I were fairely rid of all these cares,

*Isaack.* Dejected Cowards: are you not asham'd  
Thus to giue vp the goale of dignity  
To heartlesse feare? Here comes the Messenger.

What newes from *Selymus*?

*Messen.* Euen nothing certaine:

Ambitionfly

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Ambiguously he promis'd to be here  
As soone as I.

*Mesith.* I't euen so?

*Musta.* We are quite dash't—vndone.

*Isaack.* Lift vp your downe-cast spirits—who comes here?

*Mesith.* Who? *Selymus*?

*Enter Selymus.*

*Musta.* Where? sweete *Isaack* doe not tell him,  
That we were sending forth faith's latest breath.

*Isaac.* Enough, I will not—happy *Selymus*.

*Bassas.* Long liue great *Selymus*.

*Sely.* We thanke you friends:

Your care hath fostered vp our infant hopes

Beyond the pitch of expectation.

We heare that *Baiazet* is going now

From hence to Constantinople; my men

Lie closely ambusht in the middle way,

Close by a ruinous city, there expect

A sudden on-set, but till then farewell.

When we meete next, our ensignes wau'd on high,

Shall shine like Meteors blazing in the skie. *Exit*

*Isaac.* Fortunes best care goe with thee.

*Mesith.* Braue boy y'faith.

*Musta.* I shall adore him whilest I breath for this.

*Isaac.* Againe in heart?

Let's follow *Baiazet*, come lads away,

The sunne of all his glory sets this day.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Selymus with souldiers.*

*Selym.* Come on the honored youth of *Tartary*,

My brothers and joynt sharers of my woe,

Draw forth the weapons of inflam'd reuenge,

Against this horrid monsters Tyranny;

I teeme like *Romes* great *Cesar*, when oppress

With *Pompeys* grating malice he led forth

His noble French-men through the snowy *Alpes*,

I haue my *Curio* *Isaack* in the Court,

And *Cherseogles* like grim *Catoes* ghost,

Soothes the rough humour of fierce *Baiazet*,

These mens examples, were we faint and loath

## The Raging Turke,

Would set sharpe spurs vnto our slow pac'd wrath,  
And whet our dull-eged anger : but I see  
In your smooth brow perfect alacrity ;  
We stand to thwart the passage of a feind,  
Through whose wide yawning throat hath coasted downe,  
The blood of Princes, in continuall streames,  
Ha's fed and pampered vp his appetite  
With the abhor'd destruction of his owne,  
And glutted on the blood of jnnocents.  
Stood wee like marble statues in his way,  
And had no vse of policy and wit,  
Our Irefull Prophet *Mahomet* would send  
Sence, life, and valour through our stony joynts,  
That we might ruinate this gastly bore,  
Made by some hellish fury to confound  
The order of this wondred Vniuerse.  
He grapple with the monster, hee's at hand ;  
If you stand firme, the Common Wealth may bee,  
A slave to *Baiazet*, but He liue free.

Enter, *Baiazet, Chersogles, Isaack, Mesishes,  
Mustapha.*

*Baia.* No Drumme nor Trumpet hath disturb'd the ayre,  
Within the reach of mine attention.

*Isaac.* And I admire it, 'twere a miracle  
If that ambitious boy intend no harme.

*Omnes.* What noyse is that?

*A confused noyse of exclamation within, arme, arme, arme.*

*Soldiers* Helpe *Baiazet*, the vaungard's almost slaine,  
The *Tartars* lay in ambush.

*Baia.* What? so neere?

Set vp our standard, He giue battell here,  
Hang out defiance, scorne, and proud contempt,  
Write in the blood-red colour's of your plumes,

Summon our Army

*Enter a drum*

From these skirmishes,

Speake out the traitors doome in thine alarmes.

Thought



or, *Baiazet the second.*

Thought he to daunt our courage?

*Drum sounds. Enter souldiers generally, dropping in sweating, as from fight.*

Valiant souldiers;

When I behold the manner of this warre  
Then treason copes with awfull Majestie,  
A gracelesse sonne, with his owne aged Sire,  
Me thinks to bid you fight, were full as vaine  
As to bid heauy clouds fall downe in raine:  
But when I view the Chaos of the field,  
And wild confusion striking valour dead,  
I cald you, not (as Captaines doe to boyes)  
To read a lecture of encouragement,  
But that your auncient vertue may be showne  
In this my last defence: I wish to dye  
Reueng'd, that death sorts best with Majesty,

*Drums sounding, A confused noyse, with clashing of  
armour. Exeunt Baiazet, and Selymus.*

*Baia. Selymus?*

*Selym. Baiazet?*

*Baiaz. You lend me but a minutes patience.*

Vnnaturall sonne.

*Selymus. Vncharitable Father.*

*Baia. Father? My sword shall hew that title off,  
And cut in twaine kindreds continued line,  
By which thou canst deriue thy blood from mine.  
Abortiue monster—thou first breath of sinne,  
We had but slender shaddowes of offence,  
Till thou creptst forth to the offended light,  
The very masse, and stocke of villanie.  
Crimes in all others, are but thy influence.  
Nature ha's planted viprous cruelrie,  
In thy darke breast, the scandall of her workes  
Her error, and extract perfection  
Of vices; the first well-head of bad things  
From whence the world of ills draw their weake springs,*

## *The Raging Turke,*

*Selym* Then heare me speake too : you haue bin to me  
No Father, but a sowe Pedanticke wretch,  
One that with frosty precepts, striu'd to kill  
The flaming heate of my ambitious youth,  
As vainely as to strangle fire with straw :  
You sit so dayly houering on your Throne,  
As if you'd hatch new Monarchies to feed  
The hungry gulfe of your vnbridled pride,  
Y'au'e surtett'd on titles, y'au'e ingroft  
Honor, you are the moth of eminence,  
And liberall fortunes answered your desires;  
You had deslow'rd th'infinite of Crownes,  
With your adulterate ambition,  
Y'are Soveraignties horse-leach, and haue spild  
The blood of State, to haue your owne veines filld.

*Baia.* Hold, hold thy venom'd tongue, if there be hid  
More of this kind vn-vttred, Ile rip vp  
Thy full fraught bosome, and to saue mine eare  
Mine eyes shall ouerview what I'le not heare.  
Darst thou fight Traitor ?

*Selym.* Dare I be cal'd a King ?  
Dare I vnsheath my sword, or gather might ?  
If I dare ought of these, I dare to fight.

*Baia.* Guard thee, I'de not omit the sweete desire  
And pleasure of revenge, were heauen my hyre.

They fight, *Selymus* is beaten off, *Baziazet* pursues, re-  
enters at another doore.

The slaue has scapt the power of my wrath,  
Midst the disseuer'd troupes of scattered foes  
I lost him in a smoky cloud of dust,  
So thicke as if the tender Queene of loue,  
Had wrapt her brat *Aeneas* from my sight.

*Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.*

*Isaack* Ioy to my Liege, of his last victory.

*Mesith.* The bold Tartarians flew like fearefull Harts  
Before the hunters rage.

*Baia,*

or *Baiazet the second.*

*Baia.* So let them fly;  
Heaven raine downe vengeance on their cursed heads;  
It is our honour that the frighted slaues *Enter a dwarf*  
Owe their liues deereſt ſafeties to their heeles.  
How now, whence come you?

*Dwar.* From yonder hayricke Sir.

*Baia.* Didſt thou ſee *Selymus* when he fled the field?

*Dwar.* No indeed, I was two farre crept in.

*Baia.* O you are braue attendants.

Let's forward in our journey; theſe affaires  
*Achomates* muſt know, his golden wiſh,  
The people haue delayd, perhaps heele frowne,  
And tramp!e ſiſiſſall duty vnder feete  
As this hath done: but let them ſtorme their fill  
Vertu's not ſhipwrackt in a ſea of ill.

*Actus Quinti, Scena Prima.*

*Enter Achomates alone, with a bloody ſword in his hand.*

*Achom.* An honour'd Legate? an Ambaſſadour?  
As if that title like *Medear* charme  
Could ſtay the vntam'd ſpirit of my wrath,  
Had he bin ſent a meſſenger from heauen,  
And ſpoke in thunder to the ſlauiſh world;  
If he had roar'd one voice, one ſillable  
Croſſe to my humour, I'de ſearcht the depth  
Of his vnhalloved boſome, and turne out  
His heart, the prophane ſeate of ſawcy pride.  
Slaine an Ambaſſador? no leſſe: 'tis done,  
And 'twas a noble ſlaughter, I conceiue  
A joy ineffable to ſee my ſword  
Bath'd in a blood ſo rare, ſo precious,  
As an Ambaſſadour ſ; muſt we be tolde  
Of times delays, and opportunities?  
That the baſe ſoldier hath gaine-ſayd our bliſſe?  
Thought *Baiazet*, his ſon ſo cold, ſo dull,  
So innocently blockiſh, as to heare



## The Raging Turke

An Embassie most harsh and grossely bad  
The people to deny me ? we contemne  
With strange defiance *Baiazer*, and them.

### *Actus Quinti, Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Isaacke, Mesishes, Mustapha.*

*Mesish.* Mischiefe on mischiefe, all our hopes are dead,  
Slaine in the haplesse fall of *Selymus*.

*Mustapha* I thinke the deuills fought for *Baiazer*  
And all the infernall hagg; how could he else  
With a confused army, and halfe slaine,  
Breake the well-ordered rancks of a strong foe ?

*Mesish.* And vnexpected to—now *Isaacke* ! what  
Sadly repenting for thy last misdeeds.  
Plots and conspiracies against thy Prince ?  
Faith we must hang together—

*Isaacke* Good *Mesishes*

'Tis nothing so : they say *Athomates*  
Disdaining to be mockt out of his hopes,  
And most desired possession of the Crowne,  
Ha's in contempt of *Baiazer* and all,  
Slaine the Ambassador, and vowes revenge  
On euery guilty agent in his wrong.

*Mustapha.* I lookt for that ; and therefore first shranke back,  
VWhen *Baiazer* made choyce of one to send  
On such a thankelesse errand as that was.

*Mesish.* Grant the report be true : what's that to vs ?

*Isaacke* Fame in mine eare nere blab'd a sweeter tale,  
This shall redeeme our low dejected hopes,  
To their full height, no more ; be it my charge,  
To chase out the event—whats this comes here ?

*Mustapha.* Vpon my life, the body of the slaine  
Ambassador.

*Enter the Ambassadors followers with the dead body*

*Mesish.* 'Tis so.

*Isaacke* VVe greet you friends,  
And your sad spectacle.

*Followers*

or *Baiazet the second.*

*Followers* Tis sad enough  
To banish peace and patience, from each breast  
That owes true loyalty to *Baiazes*.

*Isaacke* And so it shall; lay downe the iniur'd corps.  
*Achomates* ha's wrong'd his Fathers loue,  
To grossly, in the murder euen of him  
That bore his sacred person, and should stand  
Inviolably honor'd by the law  
Of men and nations,  
But here comes *Baiazes*.

*Enter Baiazet and Cherseogles.*

*Baia.* A tragicke spectacle? whose trunk is this?

*Follow.* The body of your slaine Ambassador.

*Baia.* Slaine? by what cursed violence? what slau  
Durst touch the man that represented me?

*Follow.* *Achomates*.

*Baia.* *Achomates*?

*Follow.* The same

Highly displeas'd with the vnexpected newes  
Of a deniall from the peoples mouth,  
His reason slipt in fury, and contempt  
Hath thus abus'd your gracious Majesty.  
Withall, he threatned to maintaine this sinne  
With force of armes, and so resolu'd to winne  
Your Crowne, without such tarriance—

*Baia.* Oh! no more,  
I am vnfortunate in all my blood.  
Hath he thus guerdon'd my faire promises,  
My dayly sweat and care, to further him,  
And fix him in the paradise of joy?  
Nations cry out for vengeance of this fact,  
I'll scourge this blacke impiety to hell.  
Muste our forces to the vtmost man,  
Once more I'll bury this my aged corps  
In steely armour, and my coloured crest  
Like a bright starre shall sparkle out reuenge  
Before the rebels faint amazed eyes.  
Loose not a minute, *Bassas* hence, be gone

*Muste*

## The Raging Turke

Muste our men, stay not ; that from the tide  
Of our fierce wrath, no drop may ebbe away  
By causelesse lingering.

*Musta.* Whom speake you Generall ?

*Baia.* Whom but my selfe ? whom doth the cause concerne  
More neerely then my selfe ?

*Isaack.* My honored Liedge,  
Beare your best care about you ; 'tis a time  
Of double danger, but remoue the one,  
The other straight cald forward, *Selymus*  
Great in the fauour of Tartaria's King,  
Is man'd afresh with souldiers ; his assault  
Threatnes as much as fierce *Achomates*,  
And must be borne off with your ablest forces,  
Then if you leaue the Citie to subdue,  
One of these two, expect e're you returne  
Tother posselt, and seated on your throne.

*Baia.* Distraction rends my soule: what shall I do ?

*Isaack.* Force out one nayle with tother of these two,  
Chuse him you most affect, and best dare trust,  
Allure him fairely home, winke at his crimes,  
And then create him your high Generall,  
To leade against his brother, since your selfe  
Cannot at once oppresse two foes so stout  
Trie if one heate can driue another out.

*Baia.* *Isaack* we like thy counsell : but of these  
Which can we pardon ? either so deboyft,  
So guiltie of rebellion, so diuorc'd  
From pious loyalty, that my soule enen both  
With bitter hatred equally may loath.

*Isaack.* First weigh their faults, the one a brain-sick youth,  
Endeanor'd to supplant your Majestie,  
The other in defiance, and contempt,  
Of God and man prophan'd the holy rights  
Of an Ambassador.

*Mesi.* For which dire fact,  
Should it slip vp vnpunished, the name,  
The fearefull name of *Baiazer* would proue



or, *Baiazet the second*

The subiect of each libell, and the scoffe  
Of petty Princes.

*Baia.* Enough, we haue decreed  
*Achomates* shall quake beneath the stroke  
Of our fierce anger. *Isaack* speed away  
To *Selymus*, he shall confront the slaue  
The best of two so bad, goe—stay—yet goe,  
'Tis hard when we begge succour of a foe:  
Begge? stay againe—first will I drop before  
The sword of proud *Achomates*—goe—tell him,  
Vpon his low submission we will daigne  
To make him Champion to his Soueraigne.

*Enter Corcutus to his Father.*

*Exit Isaack.*

My deare *Corcutus* welcome.

*Corcu.* Royall Father.

*Kneales.*

*Baia.* Arise thou onely solace of mine age,  
It was a night of harmlesse innocence,  
Of peace and rest, in which kinde nature laid  
Thee in thy mothers wombe: Right vertuous boy,  
How hast thou liu'd vntainted with the breath  
Of that infectious vice Rebellion,

*Corcut.* Right noble Father, 'tis a faithfull rule  
In morall rites, that who desires a good,  
And most suspects his right to it, is bold  
And turbulent, and eager in pursuit;  
Whereas the man to whom this good is due,  
Rests happily contented, till time fit  
Crowne him in the possession of his wish.

*Baia.* VVell moraliz'd: I vnderstand thee Boy,  
My grant shall melt thy prayers in full ioy.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quinti, Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Selymus and souldiers.*

*Selym.* Once more (in hope to gaine, and feare to lose  
A Crowne and Kingdome) we haue march'd thus neere  
The seat of a dread Emperour, to try

L

The

## The Raging Turke,

The chance of warre, or resolutely die.  
Feare no crosse blow, for with this hand I moue  
The wheele of Fate: and each successe shall runne  
Euen with our pleasures, till our hopes are spun  
Vp to their full perfection, this dayes light  
That looks so cheerefully, shall see as bright  
As it, my crowne and glory.

*Makes a stand.* As they march on, enter Isaack Bassa.

What stranger's this? my blessed *Genius* haunts me.

*Isaack* I take thee in with open loue.

What speakes thy Presence?

*Isaack.* Good newes to *Selymus*.

*Selym.* From whom?

*Isaack.* From *Baiazet*.

*Selym.* 'Tis strange if good.

*Isaack.* And full as good as strange. March quickly hence.

I'le tell you as we walke; if constant Chance

Smile on our project e're this Sunne goe downe,

We may salute you with a glorious Crowne.

*Selym.* I follow euen to death. Grand *Mars* to thee

I'le build an Altar if thou prosper me. *Exeunt.*

## Actus quinti, Scena quarta.

*Enter Achomates and Souldiers.*

*Achom.* Revenge my black impiety; each brow  
Seemes with a scornfull laughter to deride

Those empty Menaces of *Baiazet*.

And *Baiazet* is not our Father now,

Sith he hath wrong'd the duty of a Sonne,

But a scorn'd Enemy whose prostrate soule

Shall make a step by which I will ascend

Vp to the heavenly throne of heavenly state,

If you but lend your helpe and free consent.

*Souldiers.* Leade vs along the misty bankes of hell

Through Seas of danger, and the house of death,

We are resolu'd to follow, and by one

*'or, Baiazet the second.*

To second each step of *Achomates*.

*Achom.* This resolution is as great as iust,  
Continue it braue spirits: he's a flane  
That hauing sinn'd, dares not defend his sinne,  
The world shall know I dare: For though our cause  
Be wrong, yet we'll make good the breach of lawes. *Exeunt.*

*Actus quinti, Scena quinta.*

*Enter Baiazet and Corcutus.*

*Corcut.* Would I had slept with *Trizham*, and that hand  
That strangled *Mahomet*, had stop't my breath,  
Rather then liue to see my selfe thus wrong'd.

*Baia.* Despaire not sweet *Corcutus*, what I promis'd  
I'll keepe most true, and here againe I vow  
When I am dead, this honour to thy brow.  
I haue call'd home that rebell *Selymus*,  
Onely to tame a Traytor: And that done,  
We haue no other heire, no other sonne  
Beside *Corcutus*, to whose free command  
VVe doe bequeath the duty of this land.

*Enter Mesirhes and Mustapha.*

Is *Isaack* not return'd?

*Mesirh.* My Liege he is.

*Mustaph.* And *Selymus* with him. *Enter Selymus and Isaack,*

*Baia.* Let them approach. *as they enter speake.*

*Isa.* Let your high spirit shrink below it selfe  
In a dissembled shew of penitence.

*Selym.* Tush I can bow, as if my ioynts were old,  
And tumble at his feet.

*Isaack.* Practise your skill. *Selymus falls at Bajazets feet,*

*Baiaz.* Lesse shew, and more good meaning *Selymus.*  
Arise: these crouching feates, giue slender proofes  
Of inward loyalty.

*Selym.* Right noble Father,  
Mine expedition to auenge your cause  
Vpon the head of proud *Achomates*,



## The Raging Turke,

Be my iust triall.

*Baia.* Hast then : May thy arme  
By breathlesse treason raise vp a full ioy,  
And turne that monster back vnto the earth  
From whence it leapt, a most prodigious birth.

*Selym.* VVe flie to the performance ; who both dare  
And will correct his boldnesse : now we tread  
The path to honour, and me thinks I heare  
The peoples *Vinat*, Eccho in mine care.

*Exit Selymus with the Bassaes.*

*Baia.* New insolence : The Bassaes slipt away,  
How the obsequious villaines  
As if he were their Godhead.

*Cherseo.* I suspect  
Some plotted mischief, else they durst not leaue  
Your person thus vnguarded.

*Baia.* Plot and hang,  
We weigh not all their treasons at a straw,  
One must not rule too long, 'tis subiects law. *Exeunt.*

*Passes over the stage Bassaes and Souldiers  
carrying Selymus aloft, and crying out*

Long liue *Selymus*, *Vinat Selymus*,  
Magnificent Emperour of the Turkes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bajazet and Cherseogles.*

*Baia.* Hell and the furies vex their damned soules.  
What people? Hah? what Nation is't we liue in?  
Is't our State and Monarchy? good gods  
Two Emperours at once. Liue *Selymus*?  
Can *Anish* vassalles thus supplant their Prince?  
What's this enshrines my head? a type for fooles  
To fleare at a diuided ornament;  
Faile not my sense and courage, let me liue  
To finde my selfe againe. Vize-roy of *Greece*,  
Didst thou not see a *Bajazet* withdraw  
And vanish hence? tell thou most faithfull man,  
What is become of that forgetfull name?  
Or who hath stole it from me? *Selymus*!  
Oh that damn'd villaine with his treacherous plot,

Hath

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Hath rob'd me of that glory. Death a sense

I haue a soule of Adamant or Steele,

Else had that hated noise rest it in twaine:

What art thou? or whence com'st thou?

*Enter Mesithes.*

*Mesith.* From a Prince.

*Baia.* Yet I beleue thee.

*Mesith.* From thine enemie.

*Baia.* Yet I beleue thee.

*Mesith.* From the Emperour.

*Baiaz.* And I beleue thee still; yet slave thou liest,  
These parts must know no Emperour but me,

Vnlesse base vsurpation hath stept vp

Vnto my chaire of honour. Right, 'tis so:

'Tis so indeede. Well then, what will your Emperour?

*Mesith.* That by my hand you yeeld him vp his crowne:

*Baiaz.* Traytor his crowne? so: now I am resolu'd.

I haue forgone my selfe, else had this hand

Tore out thy spotted heart, and that one word

Of yeelding had beene cause enough to spoyle

Thee and thy generation. Heartlesse slave,

Why sneak'st thou from our presence? stay, behold

Here I commend this gorgeous ornament,

These trappings to thy Emperour, as full

Bestead with curses as my heart with woes,

That it may clogge his cares, and vex his head

With daily terrours. Hence thy Prince is sped.

*Exit Mesith.*

Vize-roy of Greece, to thee our last farewell,

Thou worthiest truest best deserving man,

That euer made vs happy: if thy faith

Respect me, not my fortune, Doe this charge,

Fly to *Achemates*, and rather ayde

Him then this faithlesse Bastard *Selymus*,

The scandall of our race, the marke for heauen

To shoote reuenge. But all in vaine,

I striue to word away my inward paine.

*Cherseo.* Nor this nor that I'll fauour, may I speed

*Baiazet* shall liue to see both bleed.

*Exit.*

## The Raging Turke,

*Baia.* Maske vp thy brightnesse *Phabus*, lonely night,  
Hurle thy thicke mantle ouer all the heauens,  
Let this black day for euer be forgot  
In the eternall registers of time :  
Which of you sacred powers are not asham'd  
To see a Prince so sinfully abus'd  
By his owne issue and vnreueng'd.  
But stand we, who comes here ? a face of brasse. *Enter Selymus*  
Else would it blush : now thou Saturnine *Ioue*,  
Thou God of great men, thunder that the world  
Drench'd all in sinne, may shake and feare the noyse  
That horrid scourge of villanies.

*Selym.* Father ?

*Baia.* Slaue

Auaunt : I feele a strong Antipathy  
T'wixt thee and me, thy sight makes my dead heart  
Distill fresh drops of blond, and worke new smart. *Exit.*

*Selym.* What furious *Baiaxet*, and raging hot ?  
I hugge the amorous pleasure that I feele  
Creepe through my ioynts : obserue our Father,  
Else by some wilfull murder hee'le preuent *Exeunt*  
My purpos'd proiect, I'de not loose the guilt *Bassas.*  
Of his destruction for a crowne : heauen knowes  
I loue him better then to let him digge  
Himselfe a graue, whilst I may take the paines.  
Now mount my soule, and let my soaring plumes  
Brush the smooth surface of the Azure skie.  
With this I charme obeyfance from the world : *Crowne in*  
Thou golden counterfeit of all the heauens ; *his hand.*  
See how the shining starres in carlelesse ranks  
Grace the composure ; and the beauteous Moone  
Holds her irregular motion at the height  
Of the foure poles ; this is a compleat heauen,  
And thus I weare it : but me thinks 'tis fixt  
But weakely on my brow, whilst there yet breath  
Any whose enuie once reflect on it,  
And those are three : the angry *Baiaxet*,  
Puling *Corcunus*, proud *Achomates* :

Once



or, *Baiazet the second.*

One of these three is car'd for, that's *Corcutus*  
Who ere the blushing morne salutes the Sunne,  
Shall be dispatcht by two most hideous flaves,  
Whom I haue bred a purpose to the fact:

The other finally, wise *Achomates*,  
I'll beare aside by force of men and armes,  
Which ready Mustred, but attend the stroke,  
Then attend our Fathers.

*Enter Hamon.*

Here's one deales for him,  
Shall send him quick to hell. It is decreed.  
He that makes lesse greatnesse soone shall bleed,  
*Hamon* draw neere, most welcome my deare *Hamon*,  
What guesse of your patient *Baiazet*?  
Is he all healthfull?

*Hamon*. No my gracious Prince:  
Neither his body nor his minde is free  
From miserable anguish.

*Selym*. A sad case.

*Hamon* I loue him, and would rid him from't.  
Were I so skill'd in naturalls as you.

*Hamon*. All that my art can worke to cure his griefe  
Shall be applied.

*Selym*. Vnapprehending foole:  
I must speake broader. *Hamon* is he ill  
In minde and body both?

*Hamon*. Exceeding ill.

*Selym*. Then should I thinke him happier in his death,  
Then in so hatefull life and so weake breath.

*Hamon*. And that's the readier way to cure his ill.

*Selym*. (H'as found me now) but *Hamon* can thy Art  
Reach to the cure?

*Hamon*. With easie diligence.

*Selym*. Then let it.

*Hamon*. I'me yours.

*Exit Hamon.*

*Selym*. Walke, and thy paines,  
Shall be rewarded highly, with the like  
As thou bestowest on *Baiazet*: the Court  
Makes it a fashion now first to bring the event  
About, and then hang vp the instrument.

*Actus*

# The Raging Turke,

## Actus Quinti, Scena Sexta.

*Enter Cherseogles alone disguised like a common Souldier.*

*Cherseog.* Thus *Cherseogles* hast thou wound thy selfe,  
Out of thy selfe to act some fearefull plot,  
By which the Authors of this publique woe,  
Shall skip into their graues, it is confirm'd  
A deede of lawfull valour to defeat  
Those of their liues, that rob'd the world of peace.  
On this side the false hearted *Selymus*  
With his confederate Bassaes lie incampt  
Iust opposite the proud *Achomates*;  
The Sunne now sunke into the Westerne lap,  
Bids either part, vnlace their warlike helmes  
Vntill to morrow light, where both intend  
The hazard of a battell: but you powers  
That with propitious cares, tender the world  
And vs fraile mortals, helpe me to preuent  
A generall enemy by the fall of some;  
Assist my spirits in a deed of blood,  
Cruell, yet honest and austerely good.  
Who? *Selymus*? as I expected.

*Enter Selymus.*

*Selym.* What?  
A souldier thus licentious in his walkes,  
A stranger? Ha? What art thou?

*Cherseog.* A sworne friend, a seruant to thy greatnesse.

*Selym.* Then returne  
Backe into thy rankes and orders, no edict  
From me hath ratified this liberty,  
To scout at randome from the standing campe.

*Cherseog.* 'Tis true my honour'd Lord, nor haue I dared  
For some poore triuall prey thus to remoue  
My selfe, but for a cause of greater weight  
The ruine of our enemies.

*Selym.* How's that?  
The ruine of our enemies?

*Cher*

or, *Batazzet the second.*

*Cher.* No lesse;  
The quicke fall of great *Achomates*  
Can worke it.

*Sely.* Soldier as thou hop'st to live,  
Mocke not my thoughts with false and painted tales,  
Of a supposed stratagem.

*Cherse.* I sweare—

*Sely.* What wilt thou sweare?

*Cherse.* By all the heauenly powers  
I speake the trueth, and if I faile in ought,  
Grind mine accursed bodie into dust.

*Sely.* Enough, vnfold the meaning and the way  
By which this happy project must be wrought.

*Cher.* 'Tis thus; at the twelfth houre of this blacke night,  
*Achomates* I haue induc'd to walke  
Foorth to this valley weapon'd, but vnmand,  
In expectation of your presence there,  
Where being met, heele vrge a single fight,  
Twixt you and him: after a stroake or two,  
I haue ingag'd my selfe closely to start  
From ambush, and against you take his part.

*Selym.* Then thou art a traytor?

*Cherse.* Worse then a deuill, should my heart  
Haue made that promise with my tongue;  
But heauen beare witnesse that my inward thoughts  
Labour his welfare only, whom you powers  
Haue prou'd most worthy, therefore onely yours.  
Meete but this foe, whom I haue flattered thus,  
To his destruction: and great *Selymus*  
Shall see my strength imployed to offend  
*Achomates*, and stand thy faithfull friend.

*Sely.* Oh wert thou faithfull—

*Cherse.* If I shrinke in ought  
That I professe, death shall strike me to the grave.  
So thrue all falshood, and each perjur'd slaue.

*Sely.* Th'ast wonne our credit, beare a noble mind  
About thee, then to find me forward trust  
This night when sleepe triumphant hath subdu'd



## The Raging Turke,

Her wakefull subjects, and the midnight clocke  
Sounded full twelue, in this appointed place,  
Expect my presence, and till then adiew  
Our next shall be a tragicke enterview.

*Enter Achomates.*

*Cherseo.* The first is car'd for——here a second comes,  
Assist me thou quicke issue of *Ioues* braine,  
And this one night shall make their labors vaine.

*Achom.* It shal be so, my feares are too to great,  
To joyne all in one on-set : a strong band  
Shall with a circle hem the traytor round,  
And intercept the passage of their flight ;  
How now? from whence com'st thou? what at thou?

*Cher.* A Lieg-man to *Achomates.*

*Achom.* To mee ;

*Cher.* Yes noble Prince, and one whose life is vowd  
To further your desert, and therefore yours.

*Achom.* We thanke you, and pray you leaue vs.

*Cher.* I can vnfold an easie stratagem,  
Would crowne the hopes of great *Achomates.*

*Achom.* What means the fellow?

*Cher.* To secure your state  
By *Selymus* his fall.

*Achom.* What i'st thou breath'st?  
Speake it againe, for many carefull thoughts  
Possesse my soule, that euery blessed voice,  
Steales in the passage twixt my ease and hast.  
By *Selymus* his fall, to secure my state?

*Cherseo.* I can :

*Achom.* Delude me not, and I will raine  
Such an vnmeasured plenty in thy lap,  
Heape such continuall honors on thy head  
That thou shouldst shrink, and stagger with the weight.

*Cherseo.* Iudge of the meanes ; this night I haue induc'd  
Young *Selymus* to walke foorth in this groue,  
At the twelue houre, in hope to meete you here,  
Where hauing vrg'd a combat, and both met

In

or, *Baiazet the second.*

In eager conflict I haue pawn'd my vow,  
To rush from yonder thicket, and with him  
Ioyne against you.

*Acho.* Villaine. *Cher.* And deuils had,  
My heart made promise with my tongue,  
But heauen beare witnesse that my soule affects  
None but *Achomates*, try but my faith,  
And meete this foe, whom I haue bayted thus,  
With golden hopes, and you will find my deed  
In your defence all promise shall succeed.

*Acho.* I'm resolu'd souldier, when day is past,  
And the full fancies of mortalitie  
Busie in dreames and playing visions,  
At the sad melancholly houre of twelue,  
Ile meete thee in this plaine.

*Cher.* And you shall find  
Me here before you.

*Achom.* Be so; Who denies  
To strike in time, can seldome hope to rise, *Exit*

*Cher.* These two will meete, and I must take both parts.  
Now for a tricke to send them both to hell,  
In the full growth of expectation;  
Heauens know they haue deseru'd it then 'twould be  
An happy murder: and behold the men *Enter Bassars*  
Whom I haue decreed should doe it, once againe  
I must betake me to my former note;  
Health to the friends of our great Emperor,  
The three strong pillars that vphold true worth:

*Isaacke* Sir, your intrusion is vnseasonable.

*Musta.* And your salute, impardonably bold.

*Cher.* Perhaps the newes I bring, may frame excuse  
For both these faults.

*Mesith.* Speake out thy mind in brieft.

*Cher.* Then thus: to night here present on this plaine,  
You may encounter two fierce enemies,  
*Achomates*, and *Cherseogles*, both at the full stroake of twelue.

*Isaack* How (*Mesithes*) we're blest.

*Musta.* This night at twelue of the clocke?

## The Raging Turke,

*Cher.* Vpon my life—

*Omnes* What shall we doe?

*Cherf.* But meeete mee on this plaine  
At the appointed houre, and I will place  
You three aside, from whence you shall oppresse  
Your foes at vnawares.

*Mefish.* Is it a match?

*Isaac* 'Tis done at twelue a clocke.

*Mustap.* See thou prone faithfull.

*Cherf.* If I shrinke in ought  
That I professe, death strike me to the graue.  
So thrue all falshood and each perjur'd slaue. *Exeunt Bassaes*  
How easily base minds are drawne to strike  
Their foes at least aduantage—beauteous morne,  
Pale witnesse to a thousand deeds of sinne  
Vaile vp thy light, that darkenesse may helpe on  
These blacke stratagems, and vnhalloved hands  
Strike in mistaken bodies, euen the foule  
Themselues adore, and cheerefully defend,  
But time growes fast vpon me, hit all right  
Two Princes, and three *Bassaes* dye this night.

## Actus Quinti, Scena Septima.

*Enter Corcutus with his Lute.*

*Corcu.* Heauen whither run these projects? is the thought  
Of man so sencelesse, void of wit, yet fraught  
With threathing ambition? to what end  
Doth this distempered madnesse headlong bend?  
Blesse me my Genius from these hated toyles  
Of murdering warfare, and these sweating broyles,  
Of watchfull policy; *Phæbus* let it be  
That I may know no other god but thee.  
Learned experience sayes, ambiguous fates  
Vexe eminent fortunes, and he onely stands  
Without the beames of enuy, whom the hands  
Of some propitious power, hath ranckt below.

Thos.



or *Baiazet the second.*

Those short delights that troubled thoughts doe know ;  
A Crown's a golden marke, which being hit,  
Falls not alone, but off the head with it :  
Honors are smoakie, nothing, then let the *Queene*  
Of learning, great *Minerva*, and the nine  
Chast sisters, that adorne the *Grecian* hill,  
Devote me to themselves, but let me still  
Within *Apollos* sacred Temple sit,  
And spend my body to encrease my wit ;  
Raigne *Selymus*, for I shall ne're thee hate,  
Thy supream power, nor enuy thy state,  
*Corcutus* stands diuorced from a life,  
Engag'd to vaine ambition factions state,  
And emptie power of Kings ; Hee's great in fame  
Not who seekes after, but neglects the same.  
Since thou hast grieu'd me *Phobus*, free my wit,  
That I may ease my griefe by speaking it ;  
If thou deny'st fond god, twill be in vaine,  
Sorrow can sing, though thou not tune the straine. 2

*Sings to his Lute.*

Then thou sweete *Muse* from whence there flowes,  
words able to expresse our ill,  
Teach me to warble out my woes,  
and with a sigh each accent fill :  
Infuse my breast with dolefull straines,  
Whose heavy note may speake my paines,  
O let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
Till night deprive my woes with sleepe.  
The pleasing murmurers of the ayre,  
that gently fanne each mooving thing,  
I being heard, straight doe repayre,  
and beare a burden whilst I sing,  
An heavy burden dolefull song,  
The fathers griefe the subiects wrong,  
O let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

## The Raging Turke,

The grieved Flora hangs the head  
Of euery youthfull plant and tree  
And flowery pleasures are starke dead,  
at my lamenting melody,  
Then all you Muses helpe my straine  
To reach the depth of bitter paine.

Oh let me sigh, and sighing weepe  
Till night beguile my woes with sleepe.  
Me thinkes I heare the singing spheres,  
tune their melodious straines to mine,  
The dewie clouds dissolve in teares,  
as if they grieved to see me pine;  
Thus each thing ioynes to helpe my moane,  
Thus seldome come true sighs alone;  
Then let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
Till night beguile my woes with sleepe.

He sleepest : Then enter two murderers  
Who slaying him, beare him away. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quinti, Scena Octaua.

*Enter Cherseogles.*

*Chers.* A darke and heauy night, as if the gods  
Winckt at our projects, and had clad the heauens  
In a propitious blacke, to blesse my plot;  
Reuenge, to thee I dedicate this worke,  
And I will pamper thy wild appetite  
With blood and murder, thy dull slow pace feet  
Shall caper to behold our fearefull scenes  
Drencht in a scarlet Ocean,  
Tis full twelue—  
I heare a quiet foot pace, and it beates  
Directly towards. 'Tis *Selymus*,  
Ioy of expectation.

*Enter Selymus*

*Selym.* Thou Queene of shades;  
Bright *Cynthia*, and your starry lampes of heauen,

What

Or, *Baiazet the second.*

What speare hath told you? oh y'are enuious all,  
And therefore hate to grace the time, in which  
I ruinate my latest foe; this is the sand  
On which I am to wrestle for a Crowne,  
And I am entred full of greedie lust,  
To meet my aduerser champion; here's my god,  
Whom I adore with greater confidence  
Then all those beauties, Sunne, or Moone, or Starres  
That with malicious absence haue disrob'd,  
This gracious houre of i'ts due respect.  
Oh thou the silent darkenesse of the night,  
Arme me with desperate courage and contempt,  
Of gods — lou'd men, now I applaud the guile,  
Of our braue roarers which select this time,  
To drink and swagger, and spurne at all the powers  
Of either world, blest mortals, had that mother  
Strangled her other infant, white fac't day,  
And brought forth onely night, my limbs are stiffe,  
And I must bath them in my brothers blood,  
Ile sleepe this grasse in a red purple goare,  
Scatter the carcasse peccemeale, and that done  
Ile reare a lasting monument, Ile signe  
A trophie, which inscrib'd, shall speake my deedes  
To after ages, that's my chiefe intent,  
Hee's coldly prays'd that's written innocent;  
VVhose there? my souldier?

*Cher.* Souldier and slaue, great Prince at your command,

*Sely.* I will i'noble thee place thee my second selfe  
In all my power for thy rare faith.

VVhere's our *Achomates*?

*Cher.* I heard one softly tracke full hitherwards,  
And thinke tis he; 'tis needfull that I meete him,  
And giue some prooffe that I continue his,  
Else jealous of my faith, he will returne,  
And we be both deluded; when y'are met,  
Parley before you fight, till I prepare  
My selfe to runne vpon him vnawares,  
Meane while Ile goe to meete him.

*Exit*

*Seym.*



## The Raging Turke

*Selymus.* Goe, make hast,  
But if this base raskall should deceiue  
My trust? a trifle—my nerues are plumped vp  
And fil'd with vigor, strong enoughto fright;  
A million of such big backt, drowfie slaues;  
I heare them both approach.

*Enter Cherseogles and Achomates.*

*Cherse.* See where he stands, I shall not be flow  
To second your encounter being met,  
Parley before ye fight, till I prepare  
My selfe, to runne vpon him vnaware,  
Meane while I'le withdraw——now for my *Bassaes*, *Exit*

*Achom.* A time of dismall blacknes, and my soule  
Is dull and heauy, as if enuious night,  
Striu'd to subdue my fatall watchfullnesse.  
But I haue rush'd vpon my foe: whose there?

*Sely.* Answer thy Prince first I say, what art thou?

*Acho.* He that vsurp's the title of a villaine.

*Sely.* But he that weares it is a Saint, and such am I.

*Achom.* Th'art a treacherous slaue.

*Sely.* *Achomates* thou lye'st, this night shall proue  
I shrinke not to vnmake what I haue done.

*Achom.* Oh heauens so impudently bad?

*Selymus* Good brother we know your vertues, one that  
Gayn country, gods, and men,  
Slew an Ambassadour which here we must reuenge.

*Achom.* Hearke in thine care,  
Ile whisper forth thy mischiefes, least the heauens  
Should teare and snatch them hence from my reuenge,  
In greedinesse of wrath—they whisper.

*Enter Cherseogles, Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.*

*Cherse.* See where they stand.

*Isaacke* *Achomates* and *Selymus*?

*Cher.* Both:

They are two, we foure, lets runne vpon them,  
'Tis very darke, be certaine in your aime,  
And all strike home.

*Omnes*

or, *Baiazet the second.*

*Omnes.* A match.

*Mef. Isaack,* and I will take the neereſt.

*Must.* And we the other.

*Cher.* Strike home, and ſure, and here's at them. *Stab him.*

*Selym.* I haue the Crowne, and I will, Oh, oh, oh. *Stab him.*

*Achom.* Oh, ôô, O villaine I am ſlaine. *uerque mortur.*

*Cher.* It is not *Cherſeogles* we haue ſlaine.

*Iſa.* Not *Cherſeogles* villaine, whom then? ſpeak. *They conſer.*

*Cher.* *Achomates* and *Selymus.*

*Iſaack.* Ha.

*Cher.* None other. *Iſaack.* Haſt thou betray'd vs ſo?

*Cher.* Be ſilent, heare me.

There lie the Captaines of both Armies dead,

Breathleſſe, and ſo ſtupid to neglect

The uſe of oportunities. *Iſaack.* What uſe?

*Cher.* Are you not rich, wealthie in powerfull gold,

Goe whiſt the Souldiers lye thus deſtitute

Of any Leader, frankly bribe both parts

Buy their vnſetled loue at any rate,

And creepe into their boſome, then in this

Dead want and dearth of Princes, they will

Cleau to *Iſaack*, and at length ſalute

*Iſaack.* Me Emperour?

*Cher.* You apprehend it right.

*Iſa.* What bleſſed angell art thou?

*Cher.* 'Tis no time for idle complement.

*Iſaack.* Thy counſel's good.

I would not let ſlip this ſweet occaſion,

For all the pretious plenty of the world.

Come let's away.

*Cher.* Firſt make ſome quick diſpatch with theſe now riuals.

*Iſa.* True, they'le not endure my Soueraignty.

Haſt no ſuddaine wits how to remoue them both?

*Cher.* No wile but ſtrength; are not we two?

They are no more; we muſt encounter them, 'tis man to man:

The match no whit vnequall.

*Iſa.* I am thine:

I hate to haue co-partners in my ſtate:

There ſhall not breath a man whoſe enuious eye

## The Raging Turke,

Dares looke a squint on my dread Maiestie.

*Mef.* They that bring newes first, are still most welcome.

*Musta.* Experience speakes it true.

*Mef.* Let vs haue, now *Selymus* we come to gratulate

*Isaack*, Stay— *Cherseo.* Stand.

*Mef.* How? *Mustaph.* What meanes this?

*Isaacke* Fate to your liues.

*They fight, Isaack  
is slaine.*

*Musta.* Sweet doings.

*Isaack.* 'Tis no lesse, Sir witnesse this,  
Traytor I'me slaine. *Moritur.*

*Cherseo.* Crosse fortune, wicked chance :  
But I must make the best of it. Is he dead?

*Mef.* Villaine he is, and thy bad turne is next :

What deuill did incite thee, to incite

*Isaack* 'gainst friends? Iniurious slaue.

*Musta.* Vrge him to no confession, till the rack

Force from his closest thought vnwilling truth,

He shall be doom'd for this notorious fact

Vnto continuall paines,

Hunger, oppression, want and slavery.

*Mef.* That struck me full.—Haue at thee :

Hold thou art victor. I haue met the price.

Of treason death, and as I hop'd to raise

By blood, I fall, to haue I mist my scope,

Delusion is the end of lawlesse hope.

*Moritur.*

*Cherseo.* *Mefisthes* stay one moment, art thou gone,

I am not farre behinde, I feele the blood

By slow degrees ebb, from my fainting breast,

I am heart struck, and wounded euen to death,

A Sceane of slaughter this. — O iust heauens

Still I plighted faith to each of these,

I wisht that if I fail'd in one, I vow'd

Death would thus strike me, I haue gain'd my wish,

Then you imperiall Fates that intercept

The brittle courses of fraile mortality,

Continue this firme iustice, and enact

A constant law, that all false meaning hearts

That thinke of oathes as of a puffe of winde,

May as I doe, thus sinke into the graue



or, *Baiazet the second.*

My dying wish : so thrise each perjur'd knave. *Moritur.*

*Enter Souldiers.*

*Sould. 1.* The night ouerblowne, and fiew a clocke,  
I wonder at their absence ; what are these  
Our Generalls murdered, our deere *Selymus*,  
With his three Bassaes, and *Achomates*,  
Whose bloody hand is guilty of this fact?

*Sould. 2.* A trembling shakes me, 'twas some power  
That frown'd at our proceedings.

*Sould. 3.* *Baiazet* is new borne to his Soueraignty.

*Sould. 4.* Let's take their bodies, beare them hence in pompe  
Vnto their greatnesse, and aduise the foe  
Of their slaine Generall sterne *Achomates*,  
Sound peacefull rumours; we must resubmit  
To *Baiazet*, so heauen hath thought it fit. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quinti, Scena Nona.*

*Enter Bajazet and Haman with a Booke and Candle.*

*Baiaz.* Set downe the Booke and Candle, goe and prouide  
The Potion to preuent my Feauer-fit,  
Till when I meane to study : goe make ha<sup>1</sup>. *Exit Haman.*  
Fortune I thanke thee, thou'rt a gracious Whore.  
Thy happy anger hath immur'd a Prince  
Within the walls of base security.  
Farewell thou swelling sea of Government,  
On whose bright chrystall bosome floates along  
The grauelled vessell of proud Maiestie.  
Ambition empty all thy bagge of breath,  
Send forth thy blast among the quiet waues,  
And worke huge tempests to confound the Art  
Of the vsurping Pilate *Selymus*.  
Treason and enuie like to bickering windes,  
Shake the vnsetled Fabrick of his State,  
That from my study windowes I may laugh,  
To see his broken fortune swallowed vp  
In the quick sands of danger, and the sayle  
Pufft with the calme breath of flattering Chance,

## The Raging Turke,

By furious whirle-windes rended into ragges,  
 And peece-meale scattred through the Ocean:  
 But peace my chiding spirit: Come thou man  
 Of rare instinct, blest Author of a booke *Takes the booke.*  
 Worthy the studies of a reading God,  
 Thou do'st present before my wearied eyes,  
*Tiberius* sweating in his policies,  
 Dull *Claudius* gaged by dull flattery,  
*Nero* vnbowelling Nobility,  
*Galba* vndone by seruants hardly good,  
*Otho* o're-whelm'd in loue, and drencht in blood,  
*Vittellius* sleeping in the chayre of State,  
*Vespatian* call'd to government by Fate,  
 Still as thy Muse doth trauell o're their age,  
 A Princes care is writ in euery Page.

Thus I vnfold the volume of thy wit,  
 The chiefeft solace of my mouing wit,  
*Cedes eo fuit nobilior, quia filius* *He reads.*

*Patrem interfecit. Tacit. Hist. lib. 20.*

Auaunt thou damn'd wizzard, did thy god  
*Apollo* teach thee to diuine my fall?  
 What hath thy cursed *Genius* tract my steps  
 Through the *Meanders* of darke Priuacie,  
 And will he dwell with me in these close shades  
 To vex my banisht soule, banisht from ioy,  
 Remoued from the worlds eye? I am accurs'd,  
 And hated by the Synode of the gods,  
 A knot of enuious deceites, the day will be  
 When they shall smart for this indignity.

*Enter solempne Musicke, the Ghost of Mahometes, Zemes,  
 Trizham, Mahomet, Achmetes, Caiubus, Asmechemides  
 With each a sword and burning Tapers, led in by Nemesis, wi  
 a sword, they encompasse Bajazet in his bed.*

*Nem.* Triumph my Plantiffes, *Nemesis* your Queene  
 Is Pierc'd quite through with your continuall groanes.  
 See, see, the prostrate body of a King,  
 Clad in the weedes of pining discontent,  
 Lyeth open to your wrath, and dolefull hate:  
 But I coniure you not to touch his skinne,

Nor

or *Bajazet the second.*

Nor hurt his sacred person, those three Fates  
(Those frightfull sisters) told me they decree  
For *Bajazet* another destinie :

But vex his soule with your deluding blowes,  
And let him dreame of direfull anguishments,  
Each in the proper order of his Fate,  
Vent the comprest confusion of his hate.

*One after another strike at Bajazet with their swords, Nemesis puts by their blowes. Exeunt in a solemne dance.*

*Nemef.* Awake, awake thou tortured Emperour,  
Looke with the eye of fury on the heauens,  
Threaten a downefall to this mortall stage,  
And let it cracke with thee, thy life is runne  
To the last Scene, thy Tragick part is done.

*Exit.*

*Bajazet awakes in fury, ariseth.*

You meager deuils, and infernall haggas,  
Where are you? Ha? what vanisht? am I found?  
Did I not feele them teare and rack my flesh,  
And foreamble it amongst them? heauen and earth  
I am deluded, what thin ayrie shapes  
Durst fright my soule, I'le hunt about the world,  
Search the remotest angles of the earth,  
Till I'ue found out the climate hold these fiends,  
Or build a bridge by Geometrick skill,  
Whom lineall extension shall reach forth  
To the declining borders of the skie,  
On which I'le leade mortality along,  
And breake a passage through those brazen walls,  
From whence *Ioue* triumphs o're this lower world:  
Then hauing got beyond the vtmost sphere,  
Besiege the concaue of this vniuerse:  
And hunger-starue the gods till they confesse  
What furies did my sleeping soule oppresse.  
Ha? did it lighten? or what nimble flame  
Ha's crept into my blood? me thinkes it steales  
Through my distemper'd ioynts, as if it fear'd  
To vrge me to impatience.

*Hamon*, accursed *Hamon*, stand my soule  
About the power of these inuenom'd drugges:



## The Raging Turke,

Am I in hell aliue? the Stygian flames  
Could not produce an heat so violent  
As burnes within my body: Oh I feele  
My heart drop into cinders, I am dust;  
*Ioue* for thine owne sake *Ioue*, confine my soule  
Within these walls of earth: for in the skie  
VVhen I am there, none shall be *Ioue* but I.  
Still, still I boyle, and the continued flames  
Are aggrauated: He is done, subdn'd  
(By the base Art of a damn'd Emperick)  
VVhose empty name sent terrour through the world:  
Is not the heauen bespangl'd all with starres,  
And blazing Meteors, whose bright glimmering flames  
Like ceremoniall Tapers should adorne  
My solemne Hearse? what doth the golden Sunne  
Ride with it's wonted motion? are the waues  
Bridled within their narrow Continent  
No deluge? not an earthquake? Shall a Prince,  
An Emperour, a *Batazar* decease  
And make no breach in nature? fright the world  
With no prodigious birth? Are you asleepe  
You thundring beggars that so awe the world?  
I'll hasten to reuenge this strong neglect  
Of my deceasing spirits, mount my soule,  
Brush off this cloddy heauy element:  
So *Ioue* I come, excorporate, diuine,  
Immortall as thy selfe, I must contest  
With thee proud god, with thee to arme my minde,  
Onely my soule ascends earth staves behinde. *Moritur.*  
*Enter the Ghosts as before him, and beare him out.*

## Actus Quinti, Scena Decima.

*Enter Solyman as newly Crowned. Souldiers,  
Attendants, warlike Musick.*

*Solym.* Is *Selymus* deceased?

*Sould.* He is my Lord.

*Solym.* Who *Selymus*? what Fate durst be so bold:

Oh,

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Oh, I could act an holy frenzy now  
*Selymus* deas'd? What did not *Aslan* tremble  
At such a burden? Can he support the Orbe  
That holds vp *Selymus*? is not yet the Pole  
Crackt with his weight? doe not the heauens preparr  
His funerall Exequies? *Ioue* I inuoke thee now,  
Command the heauens that the prone Chandler shops  
Command that idle *Phabus*, that he exhale  
Matter from earth to make thy Funerall Tapers:  
Or I'll make Torches of the vniuerse  
In stead of Comets; flaming Countries, Cities  
Shall be thy ceremoniall Tapers:  
Or if not this; I'll ransack Christendome,  
Kings Daughters I'll embowell for a Sacrifice,  
Their fat with vestall fire will I refine,  
And offer virgins ware vnto thy shrine.  
Start back bright *Phabus*, let thy fire Steedes  
Keepe Holiday for *Selymus*. tell thy host  
Proud *Neptune* now expects anothers deluge,  
That all the earth may weepe for *Selymus*.  
What doe you smile you Heauens? are ye conscious,  
And guilty of this execrable treason?  
What dare the fields to laugh when I doe mourne?  
I'll dye your motly colour'd weedes in scarlet,  
And cloath the world in black destruction.  
*Nemesis*, I'll naile thee to my greedy sword,  
Destruction shall serue vnder me a Prentiship.  
Courage braue *Selmie*, with thy Princely boat  
Through *Styx* euen all mortality shall float;  
I'll leanie Souldiers through the Vniuerse,  
With which thou shalt beguirt *Elizium*;  
Thus barren Nature shall repent thy fall,  
Griewing that shee did not the euent fore-stall;  
Death I will hate thee: the world shall weare  
Thy sable liuerie embroydered with feare:  
Thy Trophies euery where the world shall gaze on:  
Thy Armes in sable and in gules I blazon.

*Sould.* My Lord this Crowne entreates you leaue off these  
Ground-creeeping meditations, and to thinke

## The Raging Turke

Of Majestie, wherefore we inuest your browe  
With this rich robe of glory, and doe vowe  
To it our due alleageance : thus you shall  
Mount vp aloft aboue your Fathers fall.

*Solym.* Thus our deare Father, those bright robes of state,  
For which solately thou hast sweat in blood,  
Thou wearest vpon my shoulders in thy stead :  
Thus are we crown'd, and thus our labours bee,  
Made gainefull vnto thine, though not to thee.

*Sould.* Live then, and raigne most mighty Emperour,  
Whilst that our care and watchfull prouidence,  
Shall fence thy safety, and keepe Sentinell  
Ouer thy sacred person, were black treasons,  
Hatcht in the Center of the darkest earth,  
The massie element should be prospectiue  
For all our piercing eyes ; should *Pluto* send  
His black Apparator to summon thee  
To appeare before him, by that *Mahomet*  
We would confront him boldly, and excuse  
Thy absence vnto *Pluto*, by our presence ;  
Death we'le disarme thee, if thou dar'st arrest  
Thy fury on our *Solymon*, or we'le bale his person  
With our imprisonment.

By our death thou shalt live ; our Citie walls  
May with warlike ruine be battered,  
But our alleageance, that *European Bull*,  
Shall neuer push from vs, with his golden hornes ;  
Nor shall his gilded showers quench our loues :  
No golden Enginer shall vndermine  
The Castles of our faith, nor blow them vp  
VVith blasts of hop'd preferment, were thy walls  
But paper, were they made of brittle glasse,  
Our faiths should make them marble, and as firme  
As Adamant : not walls, but subiects loue,  
Doe to a Prince the strongest Castle proue.  
Behold great Prince alleageance mixt with loue  
Lock'd in our breasts : thou art the liuing key  
To shut, and to vnlock them at thy pleasure :  
No golden pick-lock shall e're scrue it selfe



or, *Baiazet the second*

Into these faithfull locks, whose onely springs  
Can be no other then our owne heart strings,  
Our greedy swords which erst imbru'd in blood,  
Did seeme to blush at your owne Masters acts,  
And vpbraid vs with our bloody facts:  
Though peace hath now condemn'd to pleasing rust,  
Yet at thy beck we'le sheath them in the breast  
Of daring Christians, thus in warre we'le fight  
For thee, whil'st thou dost strine for victory:  
Here to describe such Princely vertues, which  
Should more adorne thy Crowne, then Orient pearles  
Were but to shew a glasse, and to commend  
Thy selfe vnto thy selfe. Be gracious,  
Magnificent, couragious, or milde,  
Or more compendiously, be more thy selfe,  
Raigne then, and *Mahomet* grant that thou may'st passe  
*Nestor* in yeares, as much as now thou dost  
In wisdome and in valour; Herauld proclaime  
To the world his title, and let swift-winged Fame  
Second thy trumpet. *Her.* Long liue *Solyman*, &c.

*Solym.* We thanke you friendly Actors of our blisse,  
Our patience hath at length tired out the gods;  
Our Empire hath beene rackt enough with treasons,  
And black seditions, as if no Christians  
Were left to conquer, we'le yeeld our Turkish blades  
Against our selues, imbowelling the State  
With bloody discord by our strength we fall,  
A scorne to Christians, with our hands we shed  
That blood which might haue conquered Christendome;  
Thus while we hate our selues we loue our enemies,  
And heale them with our sores, whil'st we lye weltring  
In bloody peace: the dy of the publique safety  
Hath beene already cast by th' hand of warre,  
Treasons haue made a blot, which may prouoke  
The enemy to enter, and beare our men  
To darke *Auernus*, Ennie might haue blusht,  
Though alwayes pale at all our projects: now  
This bloody deluge is quite past, retorne  
Sweet Peace with th' Olive branch, enough of warres,

## The Raging Turke

'Tis thou must powre oyle into our scarres.  
Fly hence Hereditary hate, discords dead,  
Let not succeeding enmities and hatred liue,  
Let none presume to couer priuate sores  
With publique ruines, nor let black discord  
Make an Anatomie of our too leane  
Empire, let it wax fat againe; when peace  
Hath knit her knots, then shall the wanton sounds  
Of Bells giue place to thundring Bombardes,  
And blood wash out the smoothing oyle of Peace,  
Euery Souldier I'll ordaine a Priest  
To ring a fatall knell to Christians,  
And euery minute vnto earths wide wombe,  
Shall sacrifice a Christians Hecatombe:  
Then shall we make a league with *Aeolus*,  
The windes shall strive to further our proceedings,  
Then will we loade the Seas, and fetter *Nephtune*  
With chaines that hold our Anchors; he shall quake  
Lest he to *Pan* resigne his watry Empire,  
And three fork'd-mace vnto my awfull Scepter;  
The Whales and Dolphins shall amazed stand,  
That they shall yeeld their place to Beares and Lyons,  
*Sylla* shall howle for feare when she shall see  
The Sea become a Forrest, and her selfe  
Mountanie, then let Syrens quake  
For feare of Satyres, then let the Christians thinke,  
Not that our Nauie, but the Country it selfe  
Is come to moue them from the growing earth;  
Comets, fiery swordes shall be my Heraulds,  
Threatning to th' world suddaine combustion:  
Let our armes be steely bowes, our arrowes  
Thunderbolts, and in stead of warlike Drummes,  
Thunder shall proclaime black destruction;  
*Vulcan* I'll tax thee, exercise thy Forge,  
Prepare to me for all the world a scourge,  
The Fates to me their powers shall resigne,  
Which with this hand will rend the strongest twine  
Of humane breath, first for the I'll of *Rhodes*  
Destruction there shall keepe his mournfull Stage:

Th' iaha-

or, *Baiazet the second.*

Th'inhabitants shall act a bloody Tragedy,  
And personate themselves; Then for *Nagos Ile*  
Death there shall keep her Court, then I will make  
*Vienna* all a Shambles; yea gaping Famine  
Euer deuouring, alwayes wanting foode,  
Shall gnaw their bowels, and shall leaue them nothing  
Besides themselves to feede on; their dead corpes  
Shall be entomb'd in their neighbours bellies.  
There euery one shall be a lining Sepulcher,  
An vnhalloved Churchyard; famine shall feede it selfe,  
Then shall they enuie beasts, and wish to be  
Our Iades, our Mules, Matrons shall strine to bring  
Into the hatefull light abortiue Brats;  
The Infants shall retorne, and the leane wombe  
Shall be vnto the Babes a suddaine tombe.  
Then shall they hoard carcasses, and strine  
Onely to be rich in Funerals; I'de reioyce  
To see them stand like Screech-Owles, gaping when  
Their Parents should expire, and bequeath  
To hell their wretched soules, to them their death.

*All. Long live great Solymon our noble Emperour.*

*Soly.* All this, and more then this I'le doe, when peace  
Hath glutted our new greedy appetites,  
VWhen it hath fill'd the veines of the Empire full  
With vigour, then lest too much blood should cause  
Armies of vices, not of men to kill vs,  
And strength breed weaknesse in our too great Empire,  
Then, then, and onely then we shall thinke good,  
With warre to let the body politick blood,  
Meane time we'le thinke on our Fathers Funerall:  
Oh, I could be an holy Epicure,  
In teares, and pleasing sighes, Oh I could now  
Refresh my selfe with sorrow, I could embalm  
Thy corpes with holy groanes from putrification:  
Oh, I could powder vp thy thirsty corpes  
With brinish teares, and wipe them off with kisses,  
And that I might more freely speake my griefe,  
These eyes should be still silent Orators,  
Till blindnesse shut them vp were I a woman:



# The Raging Turke, 10

But I am *Solyman*, Emperour, the Turke,  
 Blood shall be my teares, I'll thinke thee flaine  
 Amongst the Christians, and translate my grieve  
 To fury, euery member of my body  
 Shall execute the office of a weeping sonne.  
 Thus in my teares an *Argus* will I bee,  
 My head, heart, hands, and all shall weepe for thee.  
 Oh, that the cruell Fates were halfe so milde  
 As to drine streames of teares from forth the springs,  
 Great sorrowes haue no leasure to complaine,  
 Lest ill vent forth, great griefes within remaine:  
 See *Selymus*, sometimes a fore-string instrument  
 Feeding his Souldiers w<sup>th</sup> sweet Harmony,  
 Doth now tune nought to vs but Lacrymy,  
 Could n<sup>t</sup> *Esculapius* be found to tune  
 His disagreeing elements treasons crackt  
 The string which else an headach would vntune.  
 Euery disease is a ragged fort.  
 To weare these strings, a funder, treason did lend  
 Death, which both age, and sicknesse did intend;  
 What then remaines, but that his Funerall rites  
 With our Grandfather, Vncles be solemnized,  
 That so black discord may be with them buried:  
 But noble *Selymus* what Tombe shall I prepare  
 For thy memoriall? Shall a heavy stone  
 Presse thy innocent ashes? Shall I confine  
 Thy wandering ghost in some high marble prison?  
 Or shall I hither fetch the flying Tombe  
 Of proud *Mausolus*, the rich Carian King?  
 No? Religion shall censure such iniurie,  
 No hired Rhetorick shall adorne thy coarce,  
 No prating stone shall trumpet forth thy praise.  
 The world's thy tombe, thy Epitaph I'll carue  
 In Funerals, destruction is the booke  
 In which we'll write thy annals, blood's the ink,  
 Our sword the Pen: A Tragedy I'll intend,  
 Which with a Plagety, no Plaudity shall end.

ASHLEY TOLE

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